

Topics of the Week

Anarchist
Cats'-paws

AS peace once reigned at Warsaw—and very largely for the same sanguinary reason—so peace now reigns again at Trieste and Barcelona. For several days these turbulent cities were given up to labour disorders of the most serious kind. The strikes in Barcelona and throughout the Catalans were, indeed, on an unprecedented scale. They formed the nearest approach to that Socialist dream, the General Strike, which has yet been experienced in any country. Every trade was paralysed, and the local aristocracy and *bourgeoisie*, with all their wealth, were actually threatened, for a moment, with starvation. The mysterious suddenness with which the movement manifested itself, and the rapidity with which it spread, indicate a far-reaching and well-thought-out organisation. The almost simultaneous outbreak at Trieste, and the angry simmering among the unemployed in Italy suggested an extension of the organisation somewhat on the plan of the famous International of Karl Marx. Fortunately for the *bourgeoisie* this was merely a panic-stricken apprehension. There are too many Socialist Labour Parties nowadays, and they have too many rival gospels to permit of any practical attempt to revive the International. There is no question but that both the Barcelona and Trieste outbreaks were of purely local origin and that they were only partly due to labour grievances. Barcelona is the headquarters of Catalan Home Rule; Trieste is a hotbed of Irredentism. In both cities political turbulence has long been aggravated by proletarian unrest, and the local trades unions or workmen's syndicates are very powerful. Under these circumstances, it may readily be imagined that Barcelona and Trieste are happy hunting-grounds for the scum of international Socialism and Anarchism, and that these gentry miss no opportunity of stimulating local discontent. These are the elements of the outbreaks which have recently been witnessed in Spain and Italy. Their organisation was undoubtedly economic, but the aims of their leaders were quite as certainly political and seditious. It is to be feared that Barcelona and Trieste are not the only cities on the Continent in which the political Anarchist has imposed himself on the organised working man. Happily, in this country, trades unions are free from this reproach. They, no doubt, have their share of unwisdom, but, at any rate, they remain within the four corners of the purely economic field, and have no idea of upsetting the established order of society with a view to raising wages.

Lord
Rosebery's
Position

THE political world was startled last week by Lord Rosebery's categorical declaration that he preferred to remain outside Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's "tabernacle," but not, he hoped, in solitude. Only one meaning can be attached to this declaration. Lord Rosebery challenges the right of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to speak for the whole Liberal party, and puts himself forward as a rival leader. What the upshot of this rivalry may be it is as yet impossible to predict. The wirepullers of the Liberal party are all aghast at this rude disturbance to the smooth current of their ineffective ways. For the most part they cling to the official leader, because with them the machine is more important than the cause. It remains to be seen whether the great bulk of Liberal voters will submit to this guidance, or whether they will follow the one man in the Liberal party who is capable of inspiring any public enthusiasm. Either way Unionists stand to gain. If the Liberals as a body elect to follow Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the party will be condemned to permanent impotence, for no party with an anti-national programme has the least chance of success with the mass of the electorate. On the other hand the Liberals under Lord Rosebery would be a force to be reckoned with. They might even succeed in securing a majority. That is, of course, a danger to be feared. But even if Lord Rosebery were able to secure a Parliamentary majority there would be no fear of any measures aimed at the integrity of the United Kingdom or at the unity of the Empire. Many Unionists, who with a true sense of patriotic duty passionately opposed Mr. Gladstone in 1886 and in 1892 would accept with comparative resignation the triumph of Lord Rosebery. Moreover, the mere possibility of such a triumph would have a healthy, bracing effect upon the whole Unionist party. Unionists have been suffering too long from the very magnitude of their success. They would approach the duties which the nation expects them as a party to undertake with a keener spirit and a greater determination, if they knew that another party under a popular leader was ready if they became slack to turn them out of power. If, then, the Liberals as a body have

the intelligence to follow the leadership of Lord Rosebery, Unionists must be prepared for a far more strenuous fight than they have had to wage for many years past.

Boer De-
moralisation

It would be highly interesting just now to plumb the lowest depths of Lord Kitchener's mind in connection with the end of the campaign. So far as his despatches serve as any basis for judgment, he must be more than satisfied with the recent rate of progress towards that highly desirable consummation. It is not merely that he maintains the wastage in the Boer ranks, in spite of the continuous diminution of the number subjected to "attrition." What counts for far more is the increase of demoralisation among the commandos. As a rule, they make little or no resistance, but surrender at once, and appear to consider that humiliation a happy relief from suffering. In the case of the capture near Bothasberg, the wonder is that the surrender was not made long before. The unhappy Burghers had, apparently, to make shift with one horse and one rifle between every two, while their entire supply of ammunition did not run to ten rounds per man. In effect, therefore, the force must have been absolutely inefficient either for fighting or for flight—a mere collection of human odds and ends like the motley array brought together by Gambetta after his escape from beleaguered Paris. It appears, too, that other commandos are in much the same evil condition. Whenever they show fight and are defeated there is a good deal less of pluck than of prudence in their manner of getting away. The usual principle is, apparently, for each unit to look after his own individual safety, and not a few give it effect by becoming prisoners of war. They have good cause to feel envious of the Burgher Scouts, and if they present open ears and open minds to those apostates from the Kruger faith who shall blame them? It was a risky experiment to employ Boers to give armed help against their own nationality, but the event fully justifies Lord Kitchener's apparently perilous proceeding.

The Court

THE KING's short trip to Staffordshire for the week-end was full of interest. Nearly fourteen years ago, when Prince of Wales, King Edward paid a brief visit to Burton-on-Trent, but there was no chance then of giving him such a welcome as during His Majesty's four-days' stay with Lord and Lady Burton at Rangemore. As the King arrived in the evening the station and village of Burton had illuminated and hung out lamps to light the various triumphal arches through which the Royal guest drove on his way to Rangemore, and all the neighbourhood had turned out to cheer the Sovereign. A large house-party of King Edward's intimate friends was gathered at Rangemore Hall, a fine, large building in the Italian style, with beautiful gardens and conservatories. The house was built by Mr. Michael Bass, founder of the family fortunes. Saturday was spent in inspecting the huge brewery works at Burton, while the town kept general holiday and turned itself into a forest of flags and garlands. His Majesty was very pleased with the crowd of school children singing the National Anthem, and also with a picturesque triumphal arch where the local firemen were posted with their trumpets to blow a blast of welcome. As the breweries proper cover 750 acres of ground and employ nearly 4,000 people, the King had only time to go over part of the works. He first saw the maltings, where he was to hear that much of the grain malted came from Sandringham, as Norfolk last year yielded the best crop of barley. Then His Majesty went to the mash-room in order to start a special Royal brew, which will be known as the King's ale, and only tapped on rare and important occasions. King Edward himself pulled a lever opening sluices through which the malt ran from the hoppers above to the mash-tub below. After watching several other processes, the King came to the vat-room, where he tested a very light beer in which he toasted the firm and then sipped a sample of old strong ale. The visit concluded at the steam cooperage, a butt being manufactured before the King, and His Majesty then drove back through Burton amidst lusty cheers. Medals bearing the King's head are to be distributed by Lord Burton to commemorate the Royal visit. On Sunday the King accompanied Lord and Lady Burton to the morning Service at the Parish church, and on Monday His Majesty left for town, receiving a beautifully illuminated address from the mayor and corporation just before starting. Since returning to Marlborough House the King has been giving audiences and transacting the usual routine of State business. In the evenings he usually has a few guests to dinner, or dines with the Prince and Princess of Wales at York House, frequently going to the theatre afterwards. The Queen has remained at Sandringham with Princess Victoria. Next Thursday there will be the King's second Levée, while the first Court follows on the next week.

The Prince and Princess of Wales came back to town on Saturday, leaving their children at Sandringham. They were at the Hippodrome on Saturday night. Next week they go west on their visit to Avonmouth to cut the first sod of the new dock. The Princess of Wales is doing her utmost to second Queen Alexandra's efforts to encourage British silk manufacture and has ordered some handsome pieces from Leek to wear at the Coronation festivities. Specially beautiful is a peach-coloured satin to be embroidered in silver by English workers. The Princess will wear at the first Court a white satin dress of English manufacture, made up with jewelled insertion. Speaking of Royal influence on fashion, the King and Queen very strongly sympathise with the crusade against killing birds for their plumage.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTT.

By J. ASHBY STERRY

SITTING in front of a roaring fire in the mansion that had once, believe, been the residence of Joseph Nash, the notable architect of the days of the Regency, and now the home of the Raleigh Club, I remarked to my host how astonished the aforesaid Nash would have been returned to this earth and found his dwelling-place so metamorphosed. He would, perhaps, be more horrified at the alterations made in other of his London projects. Everyone knows the old epigram concerning this architect:—

Augustus at Rome was for building renowned,
For of marble he left what of brick he had found;
But is not our Nash, too, a very great master?—
He finds London brick, and he leaves it all plaster!

I imagine he would be deeply distressed to find how unceremoniously some of his "plaster" has been treated in these irreverent days—it must have been pretty good plaster too, seeing the way it has lasted. I fancy he would be grieved to find his famous Colonnade in the Quadrant had been swept away, and the upper part of Regent Street—which used to be so notable for its harmonious proportions—spoiled by the erection of gigantic mansions. He would also be shocked to see a house at the very commencement of the architect's great scheme of an important roadway from Carlton House to Regent's Park, where the Prince Regent, at one time, proposed building a residence, razed to the ground. This mansion at the north-west corner of Pall Mall has, in its time, played many parts. It has, in its day, been the *habitat* of various clubs and institutions. What is to be erected on its site I know not. I only hope it may not be some gigantic skyscraper that may be entirely out of harmony with its surroundings.

A friend of mine who is fairly large-hearted and tolerably charitable, and is a good subscriber to many institutions for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, absolutely declines to give anything to institutions founded for the encouragement of literature and art. This is all the more curious, as he is a great admirer both of authors and of artists. He is both a buyer of books and of pictures. But he holds that their producers do not want encouraging. A good writer or a good painter, he says, will always come to the front without encouragement, but if you have all sorts of societies to make the achievement of literature and art easy, you only succeed in producing a lot of unsatisfactory mediocrities who help to spoil professions already overcrowded. This is certainly a novel idea, but I am not at all sure that my friend is not right. In the present day we have numerous third-rate artists, fourth-rate novelists, and fifth-rate journalists, earning a scanty pittance, whereas they might have acquired a comfortable income had they devoted themselves to commercial pursuits.

It would be interesting to learn who was responsible for the Conscientious Objector clause in the Vaccination Act of 1898. It would be also instructive to learn when an Act becomes the law of the land why it should be permissible for anyone, conscientious or otherwise, to evade it. There is but little doubt that the outbreak at Gloucester some time ago and the present epidemic in London are entirely due to the neglect of vaccination, and that vaccination and re-vaccination after a certain period should be legally enforced. It is greatly to be regretted that Lord Newton's excellent Bill on the subject was shelved the other day. One reason given was that the present Act expires in 1903 and something may be done then. When an epidemic is rife remedial measures should be applied at once; there is no knowing what harm may be done by waiting a year or more. It is high time that we established that the law of the land *is* law, and is not to be evaded by anybody. Supposing I had a conscientious objection to paying income tax, or rates, or my tailor, or my butcher, baker or candlestick-maker, I should undoubtedly have to disburse eventually. Supposing I had a conscientious objection to the control of the police or to taking a ticket when I travelled by rail, I imagine the magistrate before whom I might be haled would hardly recognise the validity of my excuse. As long as any law of the land remains in force, a conscientious objector is not only an absurdity, but an injustice to those who are law-abiding.

Going to the City the other day, and taking my way along that exceedingly dull and commonplace thoroughfare, Queen Victoria Street, I was glad to find the hoarding that has for a long time past obscured mysterious operations at the church of Saint Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe had been removed, and that a pleasant terraced garden had been constructed out of what remains of the old churchyard. This has been judiciously turfed, and already makes a pleasant oasis amid the dreary mass of grimy bricks and mortar with which it is surrounded. When springtime comes, and the flower-beds are gay, this little spot will be a distinct ornament to the street. Somewhere behind the church alluded to, and close to the offices of Messrs. Spence and Jorkins (described in "David Copperfield"), was a quaint little quadrangle, containing curious boarding-houses and strange inhabitants, concerning which I remember writing a minute account, under the title of "Sideboard Square," in *All the Year Round*, some years ago. I think the place still exists, but it has been modernised and made into a thoroughfare, and I fancy its old fashion and special characteristics have altogether faded. Besides the little church garden alluded to, the College of Arms is about the only bright spot in Queen Victoria Street. And even this might be vastly improved by bright green turf instead of asphalt behind the ornamental railings, a few plane trees, and a gushing fountain. I implore the three kings—Garter, Clarenceux and Norroy—to give this matter their gracious consideration.

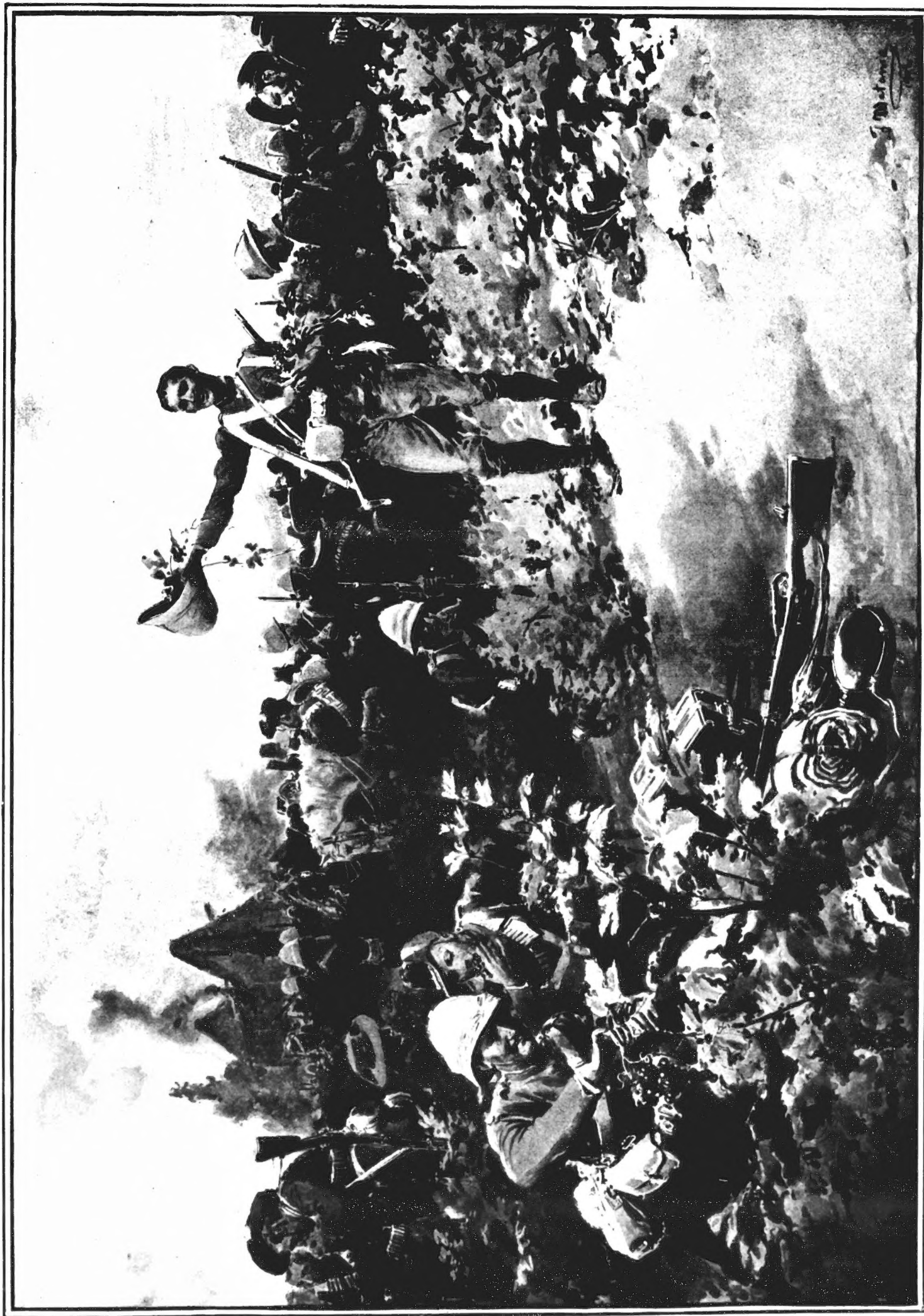
Passengers leaving Liverpool Street Station at 8.30 p.m., and travelling via the Hook of Holland, will reach Cologne at 12.2 p.m.; and departing at 12.44 p.m., will be due at Munich 11.30 p.m., instead of 7.6 a.m. the following morning. In the other direction the service will be greatly accelerated, as passengers leaving Munich at 7.0 a.m., instead of 10.40 overnight, will reach Cologne at 5.39 p.m., and leaving Cologne at 6.15 p.m., will arrive at Liverpool Street Station at 8 o'clock next morning. Through carriages will run between the Hook of Holland and Munich.



The blockhouses are connected by barbed wire fencing, and as the chain round the enemy grows tighter, the Boers have recourse to a clever means of escape. They drive a herd of cattle at the fence and in the confusion manage to get clear away

HOW THE BOERS BREAK THROUGH THE CHAINS OF BLOCKHOUSES

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



DRAWN BY P. MATANIA

In some of the deserted farms in the Orange River Colony the vines and fruit trees are laden with fruit, there being no one to gather it. A small British column passing by one of these fertile spots the other day, halted, and the men went into the farm and thoroughly enjoyed gathering and eating the grapes and other fruit, of which there was enough and to spare even for a column of hungry soldiers

FROM A SKETCH BY F. J. MACKENZIE

AN UNEXPECTED FIND: A SCENE IN A DESERTED FARM IN THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY

The Barons of the Cinque Ports and the Coronation

LAST week Sir Wolliston Knocker, Registrar of the Cinque Ports, received official intimation with reference to the attendance of the Barons of the Cinque Ports at the Coronation ceremony. The King has decided that eighteen representatives of the ports shall be invited to take part in the ceremony, from Dover, Hastings, Sandwich, New Romney, Hythe, Rye, Winchelsea, Seaford, Pevensey, Fordwich, Folkestone, Faversham, Lydd, Tenterden, and Margate.

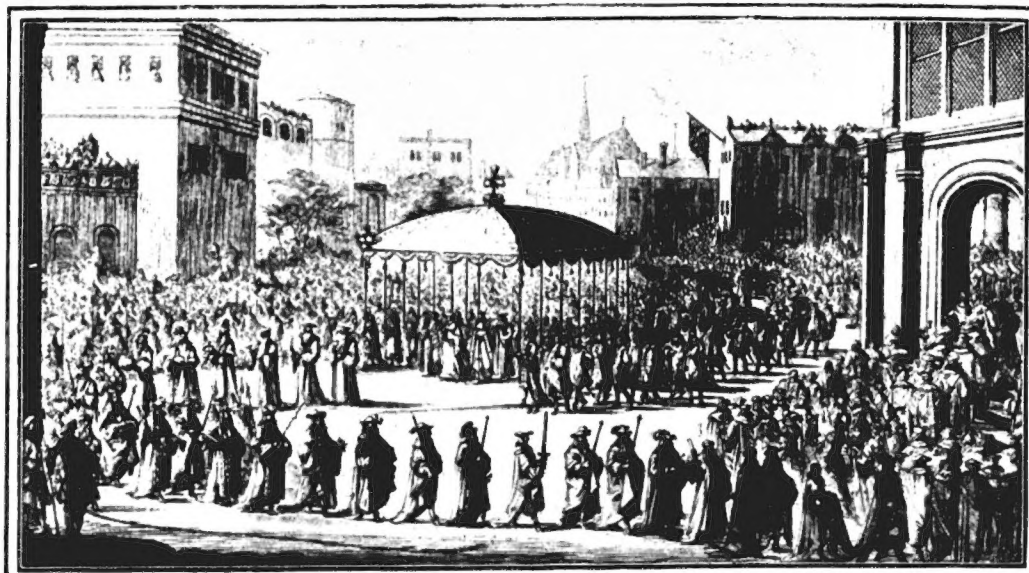
The Freemen of each of the Cinque Ports have from ancient times been termed "Barons," because they held their lands and privileges as joint tenants-in-chief of the Crown, by fealty and by special naval service. Their title was almost unique in this sense—that as joint-tenants of their baronies they were not like the individual barons, but barons corporate. They were summoned to the King's Councils collectively, and they did not, of course, bear the title "Baron" individually. There is one ancient custom which identifies the rank of the Barons of the Cinque Ports with that of the Peers of the Realm, and that is that when their representatives perform their services at a Coronation at Westminster, they are entitled to a same their head-dress at the same moment as the Peers do, immediately after the Crown has been placed on the Sovereign's head.

The Barons of the Cinque Ports lay claim to certain privileges at Coronations which date back for centuries. In an interesting pamphlet Mr. Charles Dawson has given an account of the Coronation services of the Barons of the Cinque Ports, gathered for the most part from the minutes of the meetings of the Courts held of the said Barons. He tells us that the ancient precedent book known as "The Red Book of the Exchequer" states the nature of the privileges claimed by the Barons of the Cinque Ports, and allowed to them at the Coronation of Henry III. and Queen Eleanor of Provence in the year 1236. They are set forth as follows: "The Barons of the Cinque Ports carried over the King wherever he went the silken cloth (*pannum*) four square, supported by four silvered spears with four little silver bells, four Barons being assigned to every spear, according to the diversity of the Ports, lest port should be preferred to port. Likewise the same (Barons) bore a silken cloth over the Queen coming after the King, which said cloths they claim as their right and they obtained them at Court. . . . And, moreover, the Barons of the Cinque Ports claimed as theirs

the right of sitting at the King's table, on the right hand of our Lord the King. And they did so sit."

The first indication of the existence of the privilege is gleaned from an account of the Coronation of Richard I., in which the canopy was borne by the "Barons of Dover and the Cinque Ports." According to later records we find that it was the custom after the Coronation for Dover and the Eastern Cinque Ports to take one canopy, and Hastings and the Western Cinque Ports to keep the other. In cases where only the Sovereign was crowned, the one canopy was divided among the Cinque Ports. It seems to have been the custom for the Eastern Cinque Ports to present their canopy to Canterbury Cathedral as an altar cloth, and for the Western to give theirs to Chichester Cathedral. On several occasions the privilege of the Barons of the Cinque Ports was questioned and even ignored, but they have never relinquished their

claim, and in most instances have succeeded in having it recognised. The number of Barons usually sent to a Coronation was in all thirty-two. The last time the canopy was borne over the King at a Coronation was when George IV. was crowned. In a description of that ceremony, the Barons of the Cinque Ports are described as being clad in "extremely splendid dresses—large cloaks of Garter blue satin with slashed arms of scarlet, and stockings of dead red (doublets of crimson satin and black velvet caps and shoes)." The Coronation of William IV. and Queen Adelaide was shorn of much of the old mediæval pageantry that had been preserved in that of his predecessor, the Whigs being desirous of saving public expenditure, and the ceremony cost only one-fifth of the sum spent on George IV.'s Coronation. The services of the Barons of the Cinque Ports were dispensed with, and the precedent thus set was followed when Queen Victoria was crowned.



THE BARONS OF THE CINQUE PORTS CARRYING THE CANOPY IN THE PROCESSION OF WILLIAM III. AND MARY



The consecration of Canon Gore as Bishop of Worcester took place on Sunday morning in the ancient chapel of Lambeth Palace. The ceremony of consecration was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the presenting bishops being Dr. E. S. Talbot, Bishop of Rochester, and Dr. Randall Davidson, Bishop of Winchester. Bishop Johnson, formerly Bishop of Calcutta, and Bishop Barry also assisted in the service. Dr. Baronian, Arch-Priest of the Greek Church in London, was present.

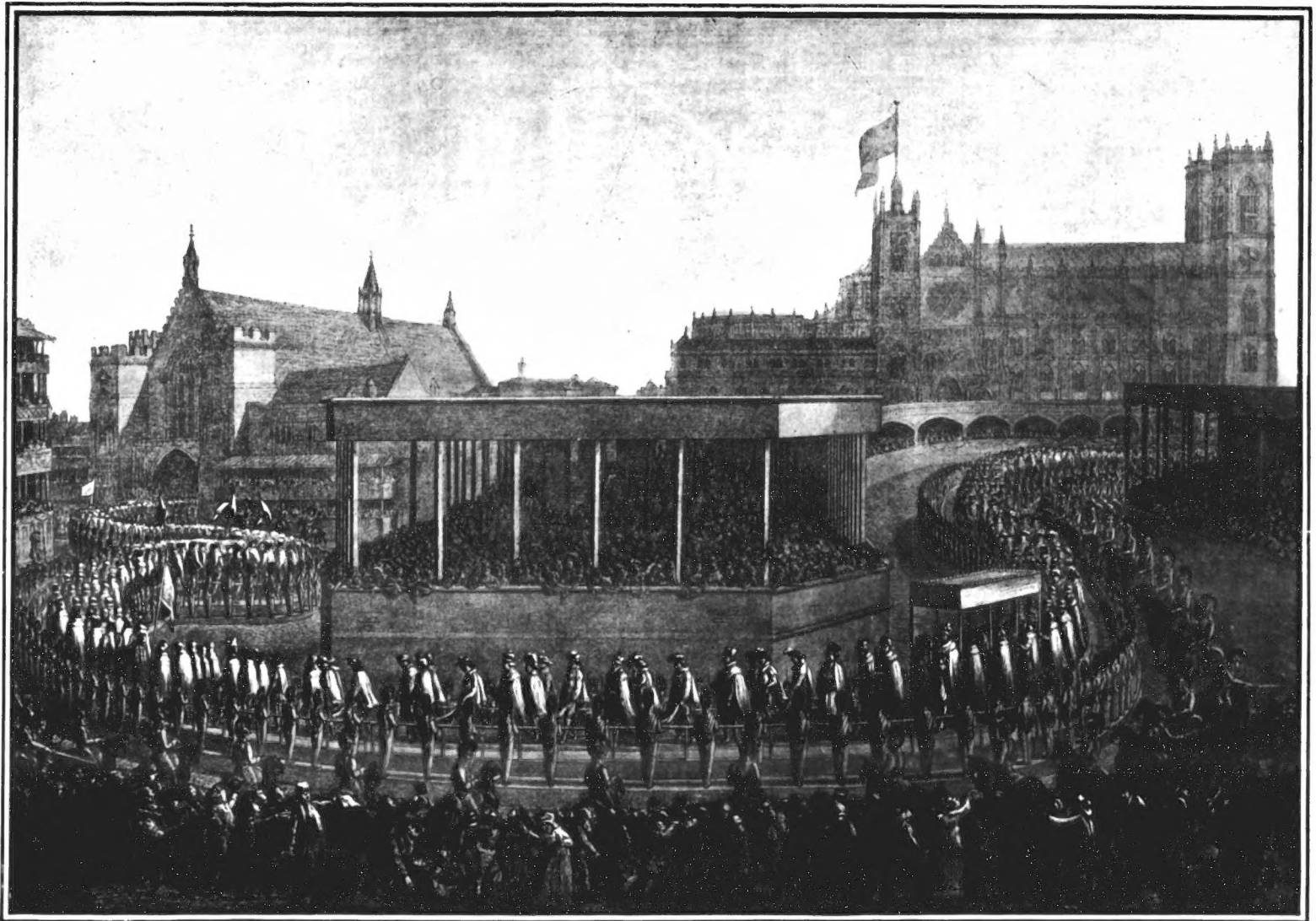
The Archbishop of Canterbury was attended by his chaplain, the Rev. W. J. Conybeare, who carried his crozier, and the Bishop-elect was accompanied by the Rev. Reader Smith. Mr. Dugdale, K.C., also attended as Chancellor of the Diocese of Worcester. Our illustration represents the scene after the king's mandate has been read, when the Archbishop and the four Bishops laid their hands on the head of the Bishop-elect.

THE CONSECRATION OF CANON GORE: THE LAYING ON OF HANDS

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY A. S. BOYD

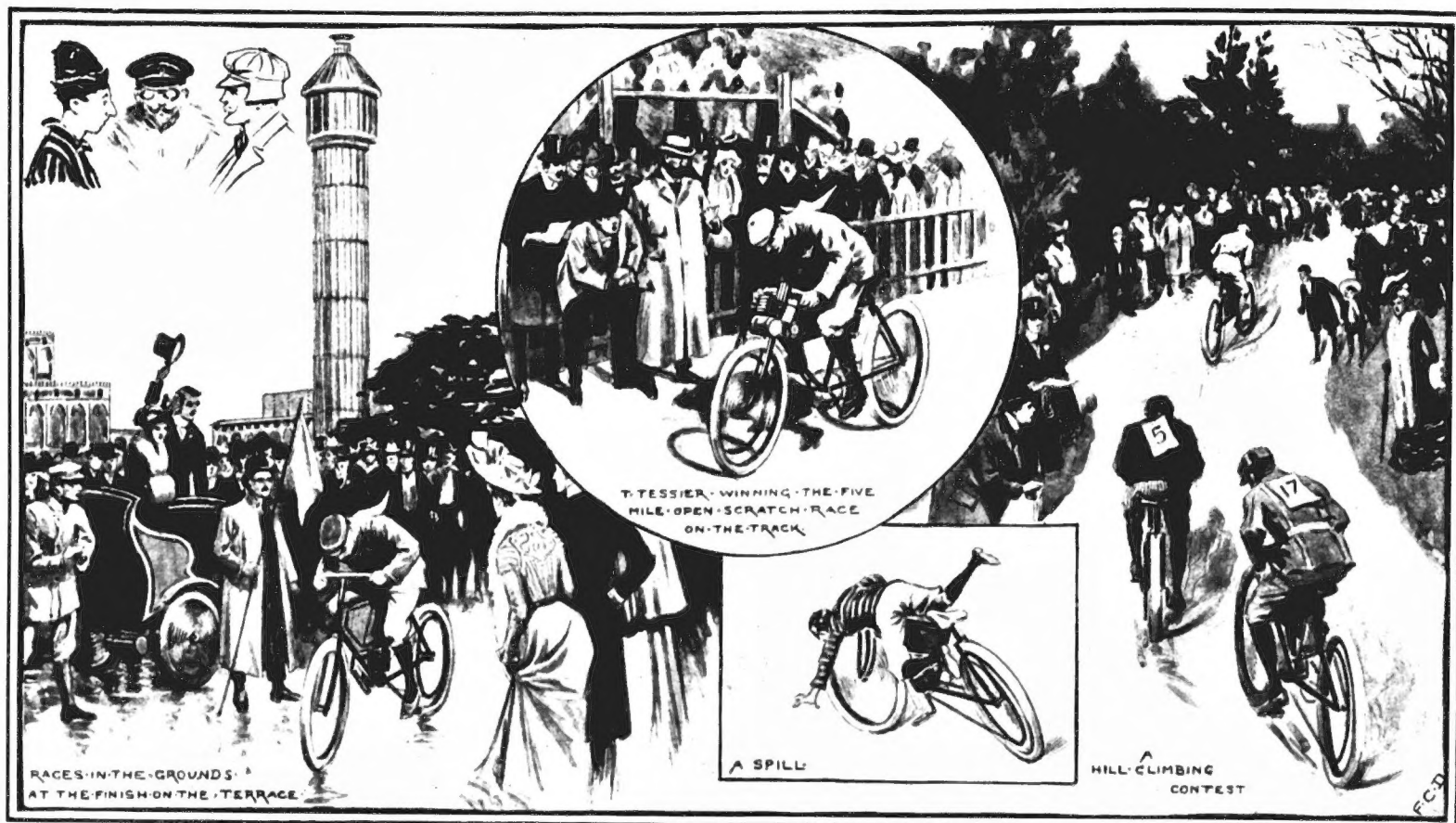


BARONS OF THE CINQUE PORTS BEARING THE CANOPY AT THE CORONATION OF CHARLES II.



THE BARONS OF THE CINQUE PORTS BEARING A CANOPY OVER GEORGE IV.

THE COMING CORONATION: THE BARONS OF THE CINQUE PORTS AND THEIR TRADITIONAL FUNCTIONS



A race meeting for motor bicycles was held at the Crystal Palace last Saturday afternoon, under the direction of the Motor Cycling Club. There were three scratch races of five miles each on the track and a hill-climbing race up the grounds to the terrace (about three-quarters of a mile). The entries were classified according to the horse-power of the motors. In the five-mile race, class 1 (for motors of 1½ h.p.),

T. H. Tessier, on a 1½ h.p. Werner, won in 9min. 29.2-5secs. In class 2 (for 1½ h.p. to 2 h.p.), H. W. Stones, on a 1½ h.p. Rex, was first, his time being 9min. 40.1-5secs. In class 3 (over 2 h.p.) Martin, on a 2½ h.p. Excelsior, won in 9min. 44.5 sec. The hill-climbing contest was won by A. Rivett on a 1½ h.p. Blizzard

MOTOR CYCLE RACES AND TESTS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



The funeral of Field-Marshal Sir Neville Chamberlain took place at Rownhams, near Southampton, last week with full military honours, and in the presence of a large crowd, among which were many officers and men who had served with the deceased in India. Earl Roberts was to have acted as one of the pall-bearers, but telegraphed at the last moment saying that he had taken a chill and could not come. General Sir H. Prendergast was also prevented from attending. Sir Dighton Probyn represented the King, and the other distinguished mourners present included General Sir Evelyn Wood, General Sir Alexander Taylor, General Sir H. Norman, General Sir John Watson, General Sir Godfrey Clerk, Lieut.-General F. Lance, Major-General Sir O. T. Burne, and Lieut.-General Sir Baker Russell. Lieut.-General Sir Corrie Bird

represented the Secretary of State for India, while Count von Bredow, Military Attaché to the German Embassy, was present on behalf of the German Emperor (who is the Junior Field-Marshal), and was the bearer of a wreath. The body was borne from Sir Neville's residence at Lordswood, a mile distant from Rownhams, on a gun-carriage, the coffin being covered by a Union flag, and surmounted by the deceased's hat, sword and Field-Marshal's baton on a velvet cushion. Parties of the Northumberland Fusiliers and officers of the Royal Garrison Artillery, the Vicar of Rownhams, the Rev. C. Mead, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Barrington Gore Browne, Rural Dean

THE FUNERAL OF SIR NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN: THE SERVICE AT THE GRAVESIDE

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY D. MACPHERSON



"'Bukaty!' he cried, 'don't you know me?' 'You, Cartoner!' replied Martin. He spread out his arms, and the men behind him ran against them."

THE VULTURES

A STORY OF 1881

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I.

CHAPTER XIII.

(Continued)

HE bent forward as he spoke and touched Wanda on the shoulder.

"Wanda," he said, "this young lady remembers meeting you in London."

Wanda turned and, rising, held her hand over the low barrier that divided the two boxes.

"Of course," she said, "Miss Cahere. You must excuse my sitting down so near to you without seeing you. I was thinking of something else."

"I hardly expect you to recollect me," Netty hastened to say. "You must have met so many people in London. Is it not odd that so many who were at Lady Orlay's that night should be in War-saw to-day?"

"Yes," answered Wanda, rather absently. "Are there many?"

"Why, yes. Mr. Deulin was there and yourself and the Prince and we three and—Mr. Cartoner."

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She looked round as she spoke for Cartoner, but only met Martin Bukaty's eyes fixed upon her with open admiration. When speaking she had much animation, and her eyes were bright.

"I am sure you are here with your brother. The likeness is unmistakable. I hope the Prince is not hurt?" she said, in her little, friendly, confidential way to Wanda.

"No, he is not hurt, thank you. Yes, that is my brother. May I introduce him? Martin. Miss Cahere—my brother."

And the introduction was effected, which was perhaps what Martin wanted. She did not take much notice of Martin, but continued to talk to Wanda.

"It must be so interesting," she said, "to live in Warsaw and to be able to help the poor people who are so downtrodden."

"But I do nothing of that sort," replied Wanda. "It is only in books that women can do anything for the people of their country. All I can do for Poland is to see that one old Polish gentleman gets what he likes for dinner, and to house-keep generally—just as you do when you are at home, no doubt."

"Oh," protested Netty, "but I am not so useful as that."

That is what distresses me. I seem to be of no use to anybody. And I am sure I could never house-keep."

And some faint line of thought, suggested perhaps by the last remark, made her glance in passing at Martin. It was so quick that only Martin saw it. At all events, Paul Deulin appeared to be looking rather vacantly in another direction.

"I suppose Miss Mangles does all that when you are at home?" said Wanda, glancing towards the great woman, who was just out of earshot.

"My dear Wanda!" put in Deulin, in a voice of gravest protest, "you surely do not expect that of a lady who housekeeps for all humanity. Miss Mangles is one of our leaders of thought. I saw her so described in a prominent journal of Smithville, Ohio. Miss Mangles, in her care for the world, has no time to think of a single household."

"Besides," said Netty, "we have no settled home in America. We live differently. We have not the comfort of European life."

And she gave a little sigh, looking wistfully across the plain. Martin noticed that she had a pretty profile, and the tenderest little droop of the lips.

At this moment a race, the last on the card, put a stop to further conversation, and Netty refused, very properly, to deprive Martin of the use of his field-glasses.

"I can see," she said, in her confidential way, "well enough for myself with my own eyes."

And Martin looked into the eyes, so vaunted, with much interest.

"I am sure," she said to Wanda, when the race was over, "that I saw Mr. Cartoner a short time ago. Has he gone?"

"I fancy he has," was the reply.

"He did not see us. And we quite forgot to tell him the number of our box. I only hope he was not offended. We saw a great deal of him on board. We crossed the Atlantic in the same ship, you know."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. And one becomes so intimate on a voyage. It is quite ridiculous."

Deulin, leaning against the pillar at the back of the box, was thoughtfully twisting his grizzled moustache as he watched Netty. There was in his attitude some faint suggestion of an engineer who has set a machine in motion and is watching the result with a contemplative satisfaction.

Martin was reluctantly making a move. One or two carriages were allowed to come to the gate of the lawn, and of these one was Prince Bukaty's.

"Come Wanda," said Martin. "We must not keep him waiting. I can see him, with his two sticks, coming out of the club enclosure."

"I will go with you to make sure that he is none the worse," said Deulin, "and then return to the assistance of these ladies."

He did not speak as they moved slowly through the crowd. Nor did he explain to Wanda why he had re-introduced Miss Cahere. He stood watching the carriages after they had gone.

"The gods forbid," he said, piously, to himself, "that I should attempt to interfere in the projects of Providence! But it is well that Wanda should know who are her friends and who her enemies. And I think she knows now, my shrewd Princess."

And he bowed, bareheaded, in response to a gay wave of the hand from Wanda as the carriage turned the corner and disappeared. He turned on his heel, to find himself cut off from the Grand Stand by a dense throng of people moving rather confusedly towards the exit. The sky was black, and a shower was impending.

"Ah, well!" he muttered, philosophically, "they are capable of taking care of themselves."

And he joined the throng making for the gates. It appeared, however, that he gave more credit than was merited; for Netty was carried along by a stream of people whose aim was a gate to the left of the great gate, and though she saw the hat of her uncle above the hats of the other men, could not make her way towards it. Mr. Mangles and his sister passed out of the large gateway, and waited in the first available space beyond it. Netty was carried by the gentle pressure of the crowd to the smaller gate, and having passed it, decided to wait till her uncle, who undoubtedly must have seen her, should come in search of her. She was not uneasy. All through her life she had always found people, especially men, ready, nay anxious, to be kind to her. She was looking round for Mr. Mangles when a man came towards her. He was only a workman in his best suit of working clothes. He had a narrow, sunburnt face, and there was in his whole being a not unpleasant suggestion of the seafaring life.

"I am afraid," he said in perfect English, as he raised his cap, "that you have lost the rest of your party. You are also in the wrong course, so to speak. We are the commoner people here, you see. Can I help you to find your father?"

"Thank you," answered Netty, without concealing her surprise. "I think my uncle went out of the larger gate, and it seems impossible to get at him. Perhaps—"

"Yes," answered Kosmaroff, "I will show you another way with pleasure. Then that tall gentleman is not your father?"

"No. Mr. Mangles is my uncle," replied Netty, following her companion.

"Ah, that is Mr. Mangles! An American, is he not?"

"Yes. We are Americans."

"A diplomatist?"

"Yes, my uncle is in the service."

"And you are at the Europe. Yes, I have heard of Mr. Mangles. This way; we can pass through this alley and come to the large gate."

"But you— you are not a Pole? It is so kind of you to help me," said Netty, looking at him with some interest. And Kosmaroff, perceiving this interest, slightly changed his manner.

"Ah! you are looking at my clothes," he said, rather less formally. "In Poland things are not always what they seem, mademoiselle. Yes, I am a Pole. I am a boatman, and keep my boat at the foot of Bednarska Street, just above the bridge. If you ever want to go on the river, it is pleasant in the evening, you and your party, you will perhaps do me the great honour of selecting my poor boat, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, I will remember," answered Netty, who did not seem to notice that his glance was, as it were, less distant than his speech.

"I knew at once—at once," he said, "that you were English or American."

"Ah! Then there is a difference—" said Netty, looking round for her uncle.

"There is a difference—yes, assuredly."

"What is it?" asked Netty, with a subtle tone of expectancy in her voice.

"Your mirror will answer that question," replied Kosmaroff, with his odd one-sided smile, "more plainly than I should ever dare to do. There is your uncle, mademoiselle, and I must go."

Mr. Mangles, perceiving the situation, was coming forward with his hand in his pocket, when Kosmaroff took off his cap and hurried away.

"No," said Netty, laying her hand on Mr. Mangles' arm, "do not give him anything. He was rather a superior man, and spoke a little English."

CHAPTER XIV.

SENTENCED

LIKE the majority of Englishmen, Cartoner had that fever of the horizon which makes a man desire to get out of a place as soon as he is in it. The average Englishman is not content to see a city; he must walk out of it, through its suburbs and beyond them, just to see how the city lies.

Before he had been long in Warsaw, Cartoner hired a horse and took leisurely rides out of the town in all directions. He found suburbs more or less depressing, and dusty roads innocent of all art, half-paved, growing wider with the lapse of years, as in self-defence the foot-passengers encroached on the fields on either side in search of a cleaner thoroughfare. To the north he found that great fort which a Russian Emperor built for Warsaw's good, and which in case of emergency could batter the city down in a few hours, but could not defend it from any foe whatever. Across the river he rode through Praga, of grimmest memory, into closely cultivated plains. But mostly he rode by the river banks, where there are more trees and where the country is less uniform. He rode more often than elsewhere southward by the Vistula, and knew the various roads and paths that lead to Wilanow.

One evening, when clouds had been gathering all day and the twilight was shorter than usual, he was benighted in the low lands that lie parallel with the Saska Island. He knew his whereabouts, however, and soon struck that long and lonely riverside road the Czerniakowska, which leads into the manufacturing districts where the sugar refineries and the iron foundries are. It was inches deep in dust, and he rode in silence on the silent way. Before him loomed the chimney of the large ironworks, which clang and rattle all day in the ears of the idlers in the Lazienki Park.

Before he reached the high wall that surrounds these works on the land side he got out of the saddle and carefully tried the four shoes of his horse. One of them was loose. He loosened it further, working at it patiently with the handle of his whip. Then he led the horse forward and found that it limped, which seemed to satisfy him. As he walked on, with the bridle over his arm, he consulted his watch. There was just light enough left to show him that it was nearly six.

The iron foundries were quiet now. They had been closed at five. From the distant streets the sound of the traffic came to his ears in a long, low roar, like the breaking of surf upon shingle far away.

Cartoner led his horse to the high double door that gave access to the iron-foundry. He turned the horse very exactly and carefully, so that the animal's shoulder pressed against that half of the door which opened first. Then he rang the bell, of which the chain swung gently in the wind. It gave a solitary clang inside the deserted works. After a few moments there was the sound of rusted bolts being slowly withdrawn, and at the right moment Cartoner touched the horse with his whip, so that it started forward against the door and thrust it open, despite the efforts of the gatekeeper, who staggered back into the dimly lighted yard.

Cartoner looked quickly round him. All was darkness except an open doorway, from which a shaft of light poured out, dimly illuminating cranes and carts and piles of iron girders. The gatekeeper was hurriedly bolting the gate. Cartoner led his horse towards the open door, but before he reached it a number of men ran out and fell on him like hounds upon a fox. He leapt back, abandoning his horse, and striking the first comer full in the chest with his fist. He charged the next and knocked him over; but from the third he retreated, leaping quickly to one side.

"Bukaty!" he cried, "don't you know me?"

"You, Cartoner!" replied Martin. He spread out his arms, and the men behind him ran against them. He turned and said something to them in Polish, which Cartoner did not catch. "You here!" he said. And there was a ring in the gay, rather light voice, which the Englishman had never heard there before. But he had heard it in other voices, and knew the meaning of it. For his work had brought him into contact with refined men in moments when their refinement only serves to harden that grimmer side of human nature of which half humanity is in happy ignorance, which deals in battle and sudden death.

"It is too risky," said someone, almost in Martin's ear, in Polish, but Cartoner heard it. "We must kill him and be done with it."

There was an odd silence for a moment, only broken by the stealthy feet of the gatekeeper coming forward to join the group. Then Cartoner spoke, quietly and collectedly. His nerve was so steady that he had taken time to reflect as to which tongue to make use of. For all had disadvantages, but silence meant death.

"This near fore-shoe," he said in French, turning to his horse "is nearly off. It has been loose all the way from

Wilanow. This is a foundry, is it not? There must be a hammer and some nails about."

Martin gave a sort of gasp of relief. For a moment he had thought there was no loophole.

Cartoner looked towards the door, and the light fell full upon his patient, thoughtful face. The faces of the men standing in a half-circle in front of him were in the dark.

"Good! He's a brave man!" muttered the man who had spoken in Martin's ear. It was Kosmaroff. And he stepped back a pace.

"Yes," said Martin, hastily, "this is a foundry. I can get you a hammer."

His right hand was opening and shutting convulsively. Cartoner glanced at it, and Martin put it behind his back. He was rather breathless, and he was angrily wishing that he had the Englishman's nerve.

"You might tell these men," he said, in French, "of my mishap; perhaps one of them can put it right, and I can get along home. I am desperately hungry. The journey has been so slow from Wilanow."

He had already perceived that Kosmaroff understood both English and French, and that it was of him that Martin was afraid. He spoke slowly, so as to give Martin time to pull himself together. Kosmaroff stepped forward to the horse and examined the shoe indicated. It was nearly off.

Martin turned, and explained in Polish that the gentleman had come for a hammer and some nails—that his horse had nearly lost a shoe. Cartoner had simply forced him to become his ally, and had even indicated the line of conduct he was to pursue.

"Get a hammer—one of you," said Kosmaroff, over his shoulder, and Martin bit his lip with a sudden desire to speak—to say more than was discreet. He took his cue in some way from Cartoner, without knowing that wise men cease persuading the moment they have gained consent. Never comment on your own victory.

Never had Cartoner's silent habit stood him in such good stead as during the following moments, while a skilled workman replaced the lost shoe. Never had he observed so skilled a silence, or left unsaid such dangerous words. For Kosmaroff watched him as a cat may watch a bird. Behind, were the barred gates, and in front, the semicircle of men, whose faces he could not see, while the full light glared through the open doorway upon his own countenance. Two miles from Warsaw—a dark autumn night, and eleven men to one. He counted them, in a mechanical way, as persons in face of death nearly always do count, with a cold deliberation, their chances of life. He played his miserable little cards with all the skill he possessed, and his knowledge of the racial characteristics of humanity served him. For he acted slowly, and gave his enemies leisure to see that it would be a mistake to kill him. They would see it in time; for they were not Frenchmen, nor of any other Celtic race, who would have killed him first and recognised their mistake immediately afterwards. They were Slavs—of the most calculating race the world has produced—a little slow in their calculations. So he gave them time, just as Russia must have time; but she will reach the summit eventually, when her far-sighted policy is fully evolved—long, long after reader and writer are dust.

Cartoner gave the workman half a rouble, which was accepted with a muttered word of thanks, and then he turned towards the great doors, which were barred. There was another pause, while the gatekeeper looked inquiringly at Kosmaroff.

"I am very much obliged to you," said Cartoner to Martin, who went towards the gate as if to draw back the bolt. But at a signal from Kosmaroff the gatekeeper sprang forward and opened the heavy doors.

Martin was nearest, and instinctively held the stirrup, while Cartoner climbed into the saddle.

"Saved your life!" he said, in a whisper.

"I know," answered Cartoner, turning in his saddle to lift his hat to the men grouped behind him. He looked over their heads into the open doorway, but could see nothing. Nevertheless, he knew where were concealed the arms brought out into the North Sea by Captain Cable in the "Minnie."

"More than I bargained for," he muttered to himself, as he rode away from the iron foundry by the river. He put his horse to a trot and presently to a canter along the deserted, dusty road. The animal was astonishingly fresh and went off at a good pace, so that the man sent by Kosmaroff to follow him was soon breathless and forced to give up the chase.

Approaching the town, Cartoner rode at a more leisurely pace. That his life had hung on a thread since sunset did not seem to affect him much, and he looked about him with quiet eyes, while the hand on the bridle was steady.

He was, it seemed, one of those fortunate wayfarers who see their road clearly before them, and for whom the barriers of duty and honour, which stand on either side of every man's path, present neither gap nor gate. He had courage and patience, and was content to exercise both, without weighing the chances of reward too carefully. That he read his duty in a different sense to that understood by other men was no doubt only that which this tolerant age calls a matter of temperament.

"That Cartoner," Deulin was in the habit of saying, "takes certain things so seriously, and other things—social things, to which I give most careful attention—he ignores. And yet we often reach the same end by different routes."

Which was quite true. But Deulin reached the end by a happy guess, and that easy exercise of intuition which is the special gift of the Gallic race, while Cartoner worked his way towards his goal with a steady perseverance and slow, sure steps.

"In a moment of danger give me Cartoner," Deulin had once said.

On more than one occasion Cartoner had shown quite clearly, without words, that he understood and appreciated that odd mixture of heroism and frivolity which will always puzzle the world and draw its wondering attention to France. The two men never compared notes, never helped each other, never exchanged the minutest confidence.

Joseph P. Mangles was different. He spoke quite openly of his work.

"Got a job in Russia," he had stolidly told anyone who asked him. "Cold, unhealthy place." He seemed to enter upon his duties with the casual interest of the amateur, and in a way, exactly embodied the attitude of his country towards Europe, of which the many wheels within wheels may spin and whirr or halt and grind without in any degree affecting the great Republic. America can afford to content herself with the knowledge of what has happened or is happening. Countries nearer to the field of action must know what is going to happen.

Cartoner rode placidly to the stable where he had hired his horse, and delivered the beast to its owner. He had no one in Warsaw to go to and relate his adventures. He was alone, as he had been all his life—alone with his

reply to his application for a recall. He turned up the lamp, and, taking the letter from the table where it lay in a prominent position, sat down in a deep chair to read it at leisure.

It bore no address, and prattled of the crops. Some of it seemed to be nonsense. Cartoner read it slowly and carefully. It was an order, in brief and almost brutal language, to stay where he was and do the work entrusted to him. For a man who writes in a code must perforce avoid verbosity.

(To be continued)

Club Comments

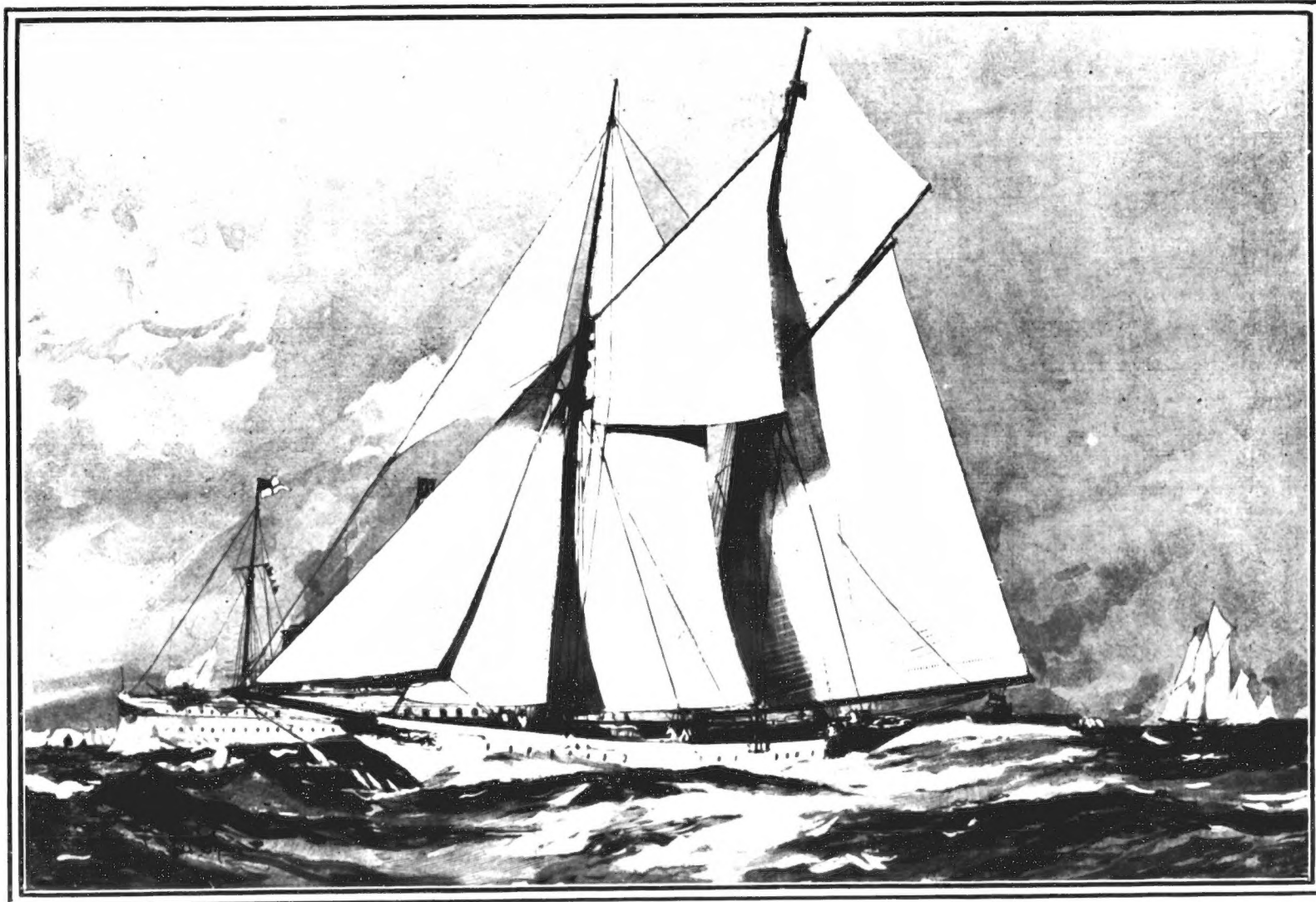
BY "MARMADUKE"

THOUGH several members strongly disapprove of some of the new Rules of Procedure which the Government have proposed, the whole House agrees that the laws which regulate the conduct of business in the Commons must be altered. The House is no longer the "best club" in England, but is the central business office of the Empire, and most of those who have influence there are business men. To these, obviously, the late hours which the House is now accustomed to keep, are altogether objectionable, for they have to

now that there is a prospect of Mr. Chamberlain succeeding Mr. Arthur Balfour as Leader of the House of Commons—as some politicians assert. It would be singular were a Conservative Government to be virtually led by a Liberal Unionist in the Lords, and actually by a Liberal Unionist in the Commons.

Some politicians imagine that the development of events may lead to a coalition between the Liberal Unionists of the Chamberlain and those of the Rosebery group. Lord Rosebery cannot form a Radical-Unionist-Imperialist party sufficiently numerous to exercise any great influence on current politics, nor can he create a Rosebery-Unionist-Imperialist group sufficiently powerful to upset Mr. Chamberlain and his supporters. If Lord Rosebery's "definite" severance from the main body of the Radical party is "definite," it is possible that he will finally join forces with Mr. Chamberlain. What would this lead to? Would there be three great divisions in Parliament—the Conservatives, the Liberal-Unionist-Imperialists and the Radicals—or would the Conservatives be cast aside as too insignificant to be taken into account?

It is hoped that arrangements will be made to enable a clear cinematograph record to be taken of the act of Coronation, for Edward VII. is the first Sovereign whose crowning can be reproduced for all time exactly as it occurred. To guard against any



The German Emperor's new yacht *Meteor* was launched on Tuesday at Shooter's Island, New Jersey, in the presence of Prince Henry of Prussia, amid much enthusiasm. Miss Alice Roosevelt, the President's daughter, performed the naming ceremony. The *Meteor* just launched is the third yacht of the name which has been owned by the German Emperor. *Meteor I.* was a cutter, which originally belonged, under the name *Thistle*, to Lord Dunraven. The Emperor bought her, renamed her, and after racing her successfully for some seasons, presented her to the German navy as a training vessel. She is now known as the *Comet*, and has been altered to a yawl. The second *Meteor*, like the first, was designed by Mr. Watson,

and built by Messrs. Henderson, of Partick. She was launched in 1896, and three years later was altered from a cutter to a yawl. Like her predecessor, she has been presented to the Imperial Navy, and will soon be fitted out and towed from Southampton, where she now lies, to her future headquarters at Kiel. *Meteor III.* is a schooner, and was designed by Messrs. Cary-Smith and Barbey. No reliable details of her dimensions have yet been published. Although designed and built in the United States, she will have a British crew. Her skipper, Ben Parker, has already left Southampton, with his brother William, for New York, and the crew will follow in a week or two.

THE KAISER'S NEW YACHT, LAUNCHED ON TUESDAY: AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.

failures and his small successes—content, it would seem, to be a good servant in a great service.

He went to the restaurant of the Hotel de France, which is a quiet place of refreshment close to the Jazna, which has no political importance, like the restaurant of the Europe, and there dined. The square was deserted as he stumbled over the vile pavement towards his rooms. The concierge was sitting at the door of the quiet house where he had taken an apartment. All along the street the dvornik of every house thus takes his station at the half-closed door at nightfall. And it is so all through the town. It is a Russian custom, imported among others into the free Kingdom of Poland, when the great Empire of the North cast the shadow of its protecting wing over the land that is watered by the Vistula. So, no man may come or go in Warsaw without having his movements carefully noted by one who is directly responsible to the authorities for the good name of the house under his care.

"The post is in. There is a letter upstairs," said the doorkeeper to Cartoner, as he passed in. Cartoner's servant was out, and the lamps were turned low when he entered his sitting-room. He knew that the letter must be the

be up early in the morning to attend to their private work. Long speeches, moreover, they strongly discountenance, maintaining that the ordinary man should be able to state his views shortly.

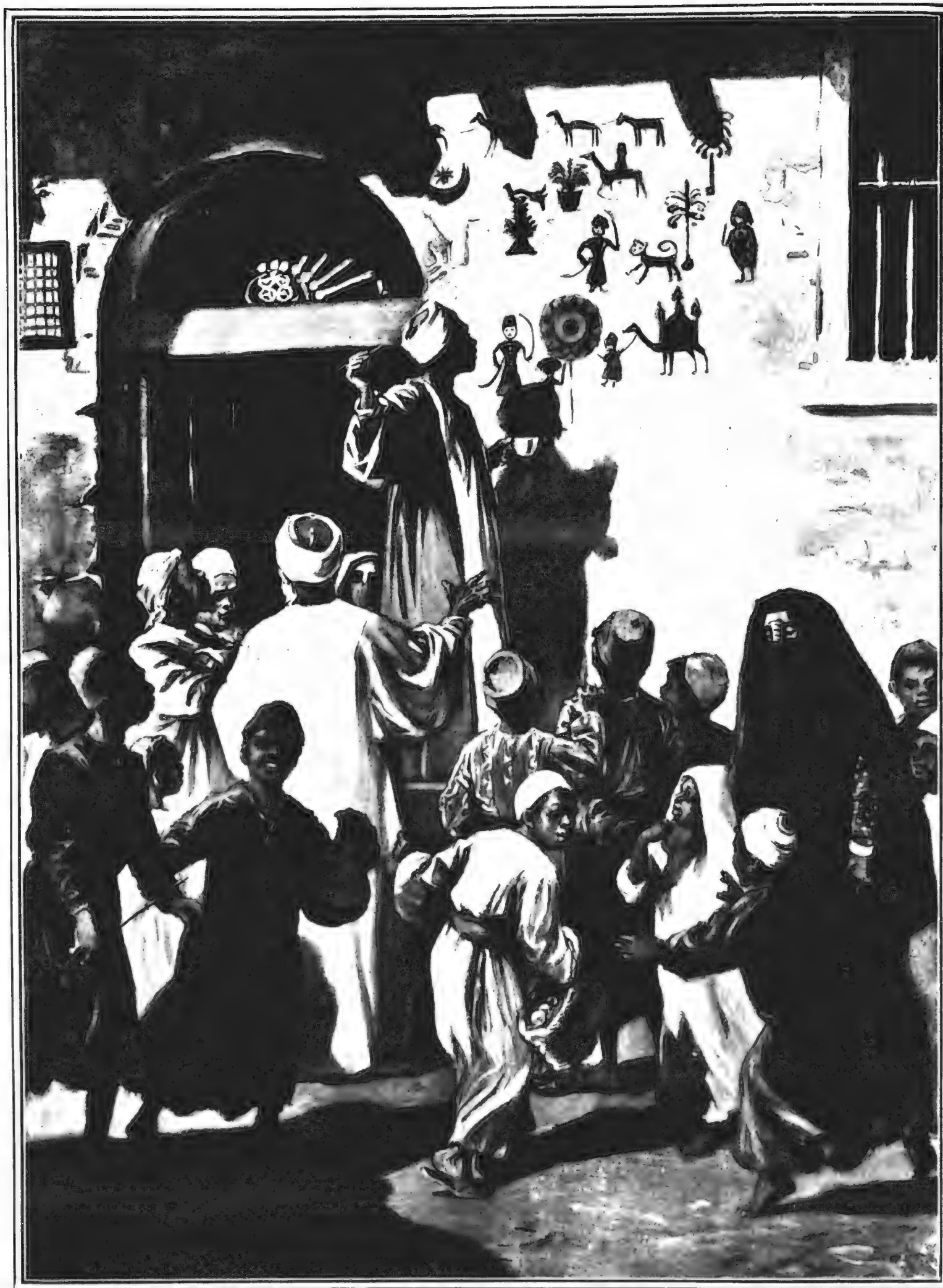
This is reasonable, but they seem to ignore that the traditions of the House are all in favour of oratory, more or less for oratory's sake. Two-thirds of the speaking members still come to the House with a prepared speech in the head, and are far more intent on remembering that which they are prepared to say than in listening to that which others are saying. "Laughter compelling" allusions, alliterative phrases, well-balanced sentences, a brilliant winding up, these are still the stock-in-trade of most of the old-fashioned members, and to them they are as important as those weighty arguments which, however sound, are destined not to win a single vote or to influence the course of events.

Is Lord Rosebery to be to the House of Lords what Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is to the House of Commons? When Lord Salisbury retires from active politics, Lord Rosebery should be the most generally attended-to speaker in the Lords—that is if he continues to increase in popular favour in the immediate future as he has in the immediate past. This is an interesting item, especially

mishap, three or four cinematographs should be employed, for it would be disastrous if the moving picture erred in any detail. The Art world, moreover, is anxious to ascertain what artist the King has selected to paint the historical picture of the Coronation in Westminster Abbey. Obviously, the artist would be greatly assisted in his work by having a cinematograph record to remind him of the quickly following incidents of the ceremony.

A "Long Shore Shoot"

THE man whose idea of "sport" is limited to standing behind the "butts" waiting for grouse to be driven over his head, or to crouching behind a hedge, while the beaters drive the birds up in his direction, and do most of the hard work, had better not go in for a "long shore" shoot, for it will entail the expenditure of an amount of energy foreign to his nature. But to the real sportsman, the man who will walk miles over moor and fen, and then wait patiently, in falling sleet or drizzly rain, crouched behind a few stones or big "tubbins" of grass, on the chance of a shot at a "whopper," or a bunch of geese, and consider after all this, a



DRAWN BY A. R. BOYD

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAJOR J. FORTUNE NOTT

A man who has once made a pilgrimage to Mecca is entitled to wear a green turban for the rest of his days, is given a title descriptive of his holy character, and is allowed to paint scenes on the outside of his house which will recall to his mind events that occurred on his journey to the sacred tomb. In Cairo such houses are frequently to be seen in the narrow streets of the native quarter.

The drawings, which suggest the rude chalk sketches made by schoolboys on a wall, are nearly always of the same character—strings of camels and donkeys, the train and a steamer or two, together with dancing girls and palm-trees painted in with the brightest of bright colours.

A RECORD OF HIS TRAVELS: A MECCA PILGRIM'S HOUSE AT CAIRO



DRAWN BY FRANK DADO, R.I.

The Austrian infantry who garrison the towns near the Alps constantly practice with snowshoes or ski in the winter. When the snow is deep they not only undertake long marches but are also trained to maneuver on ski. The snowshoes are fastened in such a way as to be easily cast off when firing has to be done and the soldiers have to lie down or kneel. In the latter case the iron knivel on their ski and so save their knees and feet from sinking in the snow. The troops become very skilful in the management of their snowshoes, and can

cover the same distance with them in half the time it would take to get over the ground and otherwise

AUSTRIAN TROOPS PRACTISING ON SNOWSHOES IN THE ALPS

FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOPKINS

single shot an ample reward for the trouble and toil undergone, or to the man who will struggle for hours through snow and sleet, and wade through ice-cold "burnies" in order to get a shot at a stag, to such an one a "long shore" shoot would be sport indeed.

But, in truth, the "long shore" sportsman requires to be something more than a man who can hold a gun straight, and carry a correct eye for distance, for if these be all his qualifications, he will probably, even if birds are plentiful, return with but a scant bag; no, the "long shore" gunner needs to be something of a naturalist as well. Understanding the peculiarities of each bird, its favourite food, and the places it is most likely to frequent in certain conditions of weather, as, for instance, when the pools up on the moors are frozen, he will know that, in all probability, a brace of wild duck, a few teal or widgeon may be expected to rise from many of the little rills and beckes where they tumble into the sea, and, consequently, are yet unfrozen. He will know the most likely stretch of sand to be frequented by the sandpiper, the dottrell or the ringlover. The part of the beach best suited to the oyster catcher's methods of obtaining his daily food by overturning the stones in order to secure the living creatures underneath; the most favourable point of rocks to wait upon in the gloaming in order to secure a brace of that long-legged and beaked wader, the curlew. In short, at every turn of the rocks, at every cave or indentation of the coast, there will be something to interest him, or some fresh habit or peculiarity in nature's creatures to study. To such a mind as this the mere tramp itself, with its various incidents and lessons, will be a great source of enjoyment, even should the gunner return home with an almost blank bag; as, alas, will too often occur. He must also be a man indifferent to the weather, for often the wildest days are the most productive. At such times the wildfowl of many kinds are being driven in from the sea, and he must be one who does not soon get tired of his own company, for it is a lonely sport in which a man's dog is his best friend; indeed, he can have no better companion than a well-trained retriever, which will save the sportsman many a wetting in the endeavour to secure a wounded bird which, despite that second barrel, has succeeded in getting to sea just out of reach.

It often happens that where the coast is very rugged it is impossible to follow the beach-line altogether, and one must occasionally climb the cliffs and walk along the top, or scramble and pick one's way through their wooded and brambled sides to the next break and stretch of sand. When ground of this kind occurs, the sportsman should always endeavour to obtain the owner's permission to shoot as he goes, for many a rabbit will then fall to his gun, not to mention a stray woodcock or an occasional pheasant that has chosen the bushes and undergrowth along the cliff for his place of habitation.

Two hints it may be as well to give the "long shore" shooter; always use cartridges with all-brass cases, because there is then no chance of their swelling with the damp and consequently jamming in the gun; and always carry, at any rate in the winter, a pair of wool-lined gloves, made without divisions for the fingers; these can be readily slung round the neck, and the hands thrust into or removed from them instantly, and they will be a source of comfort that can hardly be over-estimated.

Paris Gittings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

THE present week has been entirely devoted to Victor Hugo. The Paris newspapers have devoted columns to their national poet for weeks past, but this week they simply surpassed themselves. It was *Victor Hugo et postea nihil*. The author of "Les



VICTOR HUGO, THE CENTENARY OF WHOSE BIRTH IS BEING CELEBRATED IN PARIS

From a Portrait drawn from Life by D. Laugée

Misérables has been written up from every possible point of view—as poet, novelist, dramatist, politician and draughtsman—and every anecdote that exists regarding him has been carefully republished. Paris has breakfasted, dined and supped of Victor Hugo, and, strange to say, without seeming to get tired of the régime.

Every bookseller's window is full of works by Hugo and works on him. Every novel, play, or poem he ever wrote is to be found

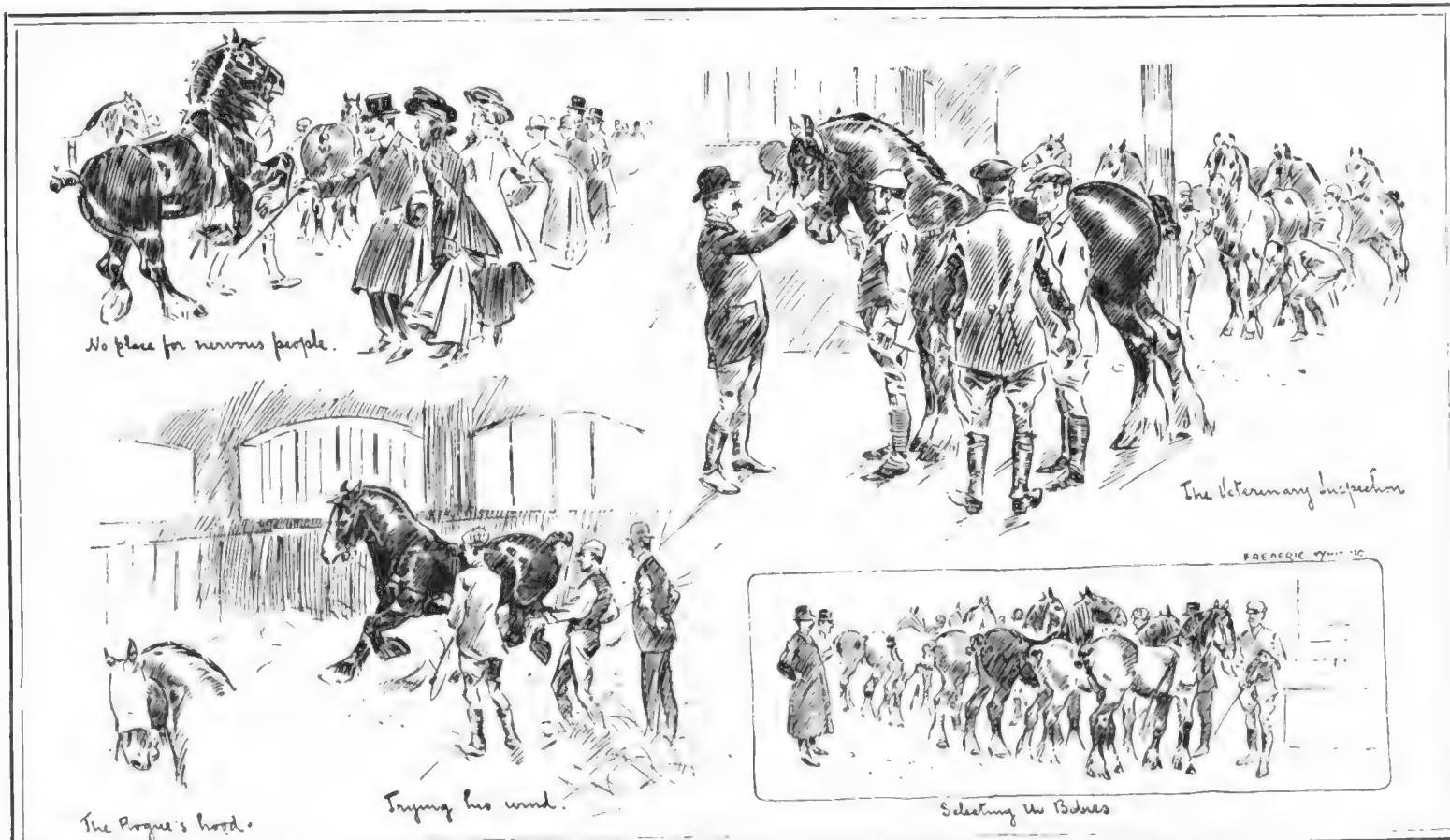
on sale, and what is more, seems to be selling, from the National edition, at 1,200 francs, down to the cheapest edition in paper binding. The Government and the Municipal Council have vied with one another in celebrating the centenary, but I think on this occasion the Municipality have won. The Government's share has been the great ceremony at the Pantheon, and its part in the inauguration of the monument in the Place Victor Hugo. The Municipal Council has had the "Fête des Lettres," at which 6,000 of the leading literary men, journalists and artists were present, not only from France but from foreign countries, and the great ball on Saturday for which 12,000 invitations have been issued.

But the most popular part of the various ceremonies will undoubtedly be that on Saturday afternoon, when a commemorative plaque will be placed on the house where Victor Hugo died. As a compliment to the man who wrote "L'Art d'être Grand Père," all the school-children of Paris will march past the house. By the time this ceremony is over night will have fallen. Then, at a signal given by a blast of fifteen trumpeters from the windows of Victor Hugo's house, the whole Place will suddenly be flooded with electric light. The effect will undoubtedly be very imposing.

But not even the Victor Hugo celebration can calm the election fever, which is increasing day by day. The lobbies of the Chamber presented an animated sight, as Paris has been invaded by the influential electors, wirepullers, and committee-men from the provinces, and they are to be seen at all hours of the day in anxious consultation with their deputies. New newspapers are springing up like mushrooms all over the country, subsidised by the various candidates. Printers and billstickers are actively preparing for their campaign, which will render Paris hideous for the next six months. Both sides are equally confident of victory, and as their cash-boxes are well filled a bitter struggle may be expected.

Of course, the chances are all in favour of M. Waldeck-Rousseau. He is in power, and therefore in possession of all the administrative machinery which counts for so much in France on such occasions. And the official screw is applied unblushingly in France. The Minister of the Interior assembles the prefects of the eighty-three departments and intimates the names of the candidates the Government desires to see elected, and intimates that if this desire is not fulfilled the prefects' official life is at an end. On returning to their departments the prefects assemble the sub-prefects and inform them of what is expected of them, intimating that if the official guillotine happens to drop on the prefect's head the sub prefect can expect to share his fate.

The sub-prefects then assemble the mayors of the communes, and pass on the threats of administrative thunderbolts. The mayors proceed to apply the screw to the local policeman, the town clerk, the road-menders and other persons dependent on municipal favour. As there are 31,000 communes in France the "pull" that a party has by being able to "preside over" the elections is immense. The Opposition always denounces the Government in unmeasured terms, but carefully imitates its conduct as soon as it gets into power.



The Shire Horse Society has every reason to be pleased with its twenty-third annual show, which opened at the Agricultural Hall on Tuesday. At last year's show the entries numbered 667, which was a record. This year, however, there has been a surprising addition of 193 entries to the number received last year, making this year's total 860. Among the exhibitors are Earl Bathurst, Earl Beauchamp, the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, Lord Barnard, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Lord

Calthorpe, the Earl of Camperdown, Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P., the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Coventry, Earl Egerton and Tatton, Sir Walter Gilbey, Lord Hindlip, Lord Holland, Lord Iveagh, Lord Langatock, Sir J. Blundell Maple, Lord Middleton, the Duchess of Newcastle, Earl of Powis, Lord Rothschild, Earl Spencer, Lady Wintgate, the Duke of Westminster, Sir W. H. Wills, and Mr. B. A. Verburgh, M.P.

SKETCHES AT THE SHIRE HORSE SOCIETY'S SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL

DRAWN BY FRID WHITING



THE LATE PROFESSOR S. R. GARDINER
The Eminent Historian



THE LATE SIR W. LENG
Newspaper Proprietor



THE LATE EARL FITZWILLIAM, K.G.



THE LATE DR. EMIL HOLUB
South African Explorer

The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

MEMBERS coming down to the House on Monday night expecting to make further progress with Procedure Rules found unpleasant surprise awaiting them. It was noted through Questions that the Leader of the House was not in his place. That, however, is not of itself a portentous matter. Mr. Balfour is accustomed to spare himself as much as possible of attendance on the Treasury Bench. To meet his convenience, Questions personally addressed to him are grouped at the end of the list, an arrangement that saves him half an hour, sometimes a full hour, of attendance. It explains a little joke of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's that greatly delighted the House, though, as sometimes happens with Parliamentary humour, it was obscure to the newspaper reader. When explaining the new Rules of Procedure, Mr. Balfour described how under them Questions would begin at a quarter past seven, would continue till eight, any that remained being taken at midnight. "Will those addressed to the right hon. gentleman stand as now at the end of the list?" slyly asked "C.-B." The picture here conjured up of Mr. Balfour hanging about till midnight waiting to answer Questions drew forth a merry peal of laughter.

When on Monday Questions addressed to the First Lord of the Treasury were reached, he was not there to reply, the Chancellor of the Exchequer answering for him. Thereupon it was made known that Mr. Balfour was down again with his old enemy, the influenza, being the third attack of the winter. The consequence was an immediate and thorough readjustment of ordered business. Mr. Balfour, as becomes the Leader of the House, has taken in personal charge the new Rules affecting its procedure. In his absence it was felt that these must be set aside and other work taken in hand. The House accordingly turned to the Navy Estimates, and the business involving nothing more than an expenditure of thirty-one millions sterling, and the maintenance of the first line of national defence, the Chamber promptly emptied and debate droned on through the long night in the presence of an audience that rarely exceeded a quorum.

This accidental breakdown of Ministerial arrangements seemed naturally to lead to the restitution of Tuesday, filched from private members in order to make progress with the Procedure Rules. But the getting of a bone out of the dog's mouth is an easy task compared with regaining time the Government have appropriated. The Chancellor of the Exchequer who, not it was noted, the Colonial Secretary, succeeded to Mr. Balfour's empty place—moved a resolution appropriating the sitting for the Navy Estimates. Yielding to strong protest he offered a compromise, undertaking to move to report progress at half-past nine, leaving the rest of the sitting to Captain Norton, who had won it at the mouth of the ballot-box for a resolution protesting against the excessive hours of labour of the railway workman.

In the end the private member had rich revenge. A state approaching collapse possessed the House as a consequence of the upsetting of ordered arrangements. It was with difficulty the Government Whips could keep in hand the hundred members necessary to the closure. Debate on Captain Norton's resolution did not help to fill the benches. At midnight, with division imminent, the scene grew more animated. But Members were chiefly anxious to record their votes and get off to bed. The President of the Board of Trade wound up the debate, offering to accept the amendment in a modified form, opposing it as it stood. The hand of the clock almost touched midnight. On its stroke the debate must be adjourned. There was no time for consultation. So the supporters of the motion stood by it in its integrity, and the forces of the Government were marshalled to defeat it.

Whilst the Tellers tarried it was seen that the division would be a close one. The present House is so accustomed to observe the Tellers for the Opposition enter some minutes before the Government

Whips have completed their task of counting their host, that attention was arrested when it was observed that the Government Teller was in first. The Teller for the resolution did not lag far behind. When the paper was handed to Captain Norton, in token that it had been carried, a wild shout went up from the Opposition benches, where the Irish members crowded their quarter. The cheers were repeated again when the figures were announced, and it was made known that in a House of 296 members the Government had been defeated by a majority of seven. "Resign! Resign!" the Opposition shouted. Mr. Gerald Balfour smiled a watery smile, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer tried to look as if nothing particular had happened. Technically he was right. But it was one of those little accidents the strongest Government cannot afford to have repeated.

Our Portraits

DR. SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER, the historian, was born near Alresford, on March 4th, seventy-three years ago. He was educated at Winchester and Christ Church, and after taking a first class in 1851, pursued his historical studies in Oxford. He became a Fellow of All Souls' in 1884, and of Merton in 1892, and for some time he

held the Professorship of Modern History at King's College, London. Many honours were conferred upon him—LL.D. of Edinburgh and the D.C.L. of Oxford, and the Regius Professorship of Modern History at Oxford was offered to him when it became vacant by the death of Professor Froude. His whole life was devoted to a monumental study of the history of England in the first half of the century which saw the advent of the Stuarts and the rise of the Puritans. He has travelled to other fields: his "Introduction to the Study of English History" and his short text-book on the "Thirty Years' War" are examples—but these are mere holiday tasks in the forty years' work which has left hardly anything else to be discovered about the history of the first two Stuart Kings and the Great Protector. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Earl Fitzwilliam was born in 1815, and was consequently in his eighty-seventh year. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in the year of the late Queen's accession. He sat as a Whig—for Malton from 1837-41, and again from 1846-47, from which year till he succeeded to the title, in 1857, he represented Wicklow. He was A.D.C. to the late Queen, and was for some time Lord-Lieutenant of the West Riding of Yorkshire and an honorary colonel of the 1st York Yeomanry Cavalry. His death places a Knighthood of the Garter at the disposal of the authorities, the late Lord Fitzwilliam being appointed a K.G. as far back as 1862. Lord Fitzwilliam, though never taking any prominent part in public affairs, was exceedingly popular in Yorkshire for his love of sport and his liberal disposition. As a landlord he was greatly beloved, both by his English and Irish tenantry. The late peer, unlike his predecessor, did not play a great part upon the turf, although he had owned some good horses during his career. At the end of 1888 and in 1889 he sold many of his horses in training, and since that time the famous green and black cap has not been seen very often upon our racecourses. Earl Fitzwilliam was a member of the Jockey Club for a great number of years, and always took a keen interest in the doings of the turf senate. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry.

Dr. Emil Holub, the famous African explorer, who has just died in Vienna, was one of the most distinguished Austrian men of the day. Of Czech descent, he was born in October, 1847, in the town of Holics, in Bohemia, where, later on, he practised as an apothecary until the age of twenty-five. He then emigrated to South Africa, and practised medicine at Kimberley and elsewhere, though he had not obtained his medical degree. His chief explorations are those into the Maskukulumbé country, which he penetrated farther than any of his predecessors. On the occasion of his second journey to South Africa he was handsomely equipped by the Emperor Francis Joseph, and public subscription. On his return to Europe Dr. Holub resided in Vienna, where he wrote his well-known book, "From Cape Town to the Country of the Maskukulumbé," and continued for many years his researches. Our portrait is by Jean Herlist, Vienna.

Sir William Leng was one of the notable figures in the journalistic world. Born in Hull in 1825, he, with his brother, Sir John Leng, early embarked in journalism. The latter went to Scotland, where he made his fortune, and Sir William went to Sheffield, where he became editor and principal proprietor of the *Telegraph* in that town, and soon made it a powerful Constitutional organ. In 1887 he received the honour of knighthood for his political and journalistic services. Our portrait is Elliott and Fry.

We much regret that the photograph we published on February 15 as the late Captain George Grice was not a portrait of that officer, although sent to us so described.

The portraits of Mr. Jeffreys, M.P., and the Rev. Newman Hall, in our last week's issue, were by Elliott and Fry, Baker street.



A strike movement, which was begun by the stokers of the Austrian Lloyd Company, was afterwards joined by the men in the shipbuilding yards, and then agitation spread until there were some 25,000 men on strike, the railway and tram service being suspended. The strikers and the military came into collision, and before quiet could be restored the soldiers were obliged to fire upon the mob. Some forty people were killed or injured. Martial law was proclaimed in the town by order of the Government.

THE STRIKE RIOTS IN TRIESTE: THE PROCLAMATION OF MARTIAL LAW



WAITING FOR THE KING: A SCENE OUTSIDE MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

From a Photograph by Ralph. Dersingham, published by the London Stereoscopic Company



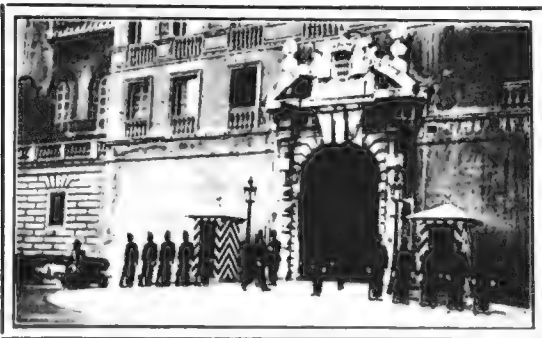
A LONG SHORE SHOOT
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PERCY R. CRAFT, R.I.A.

A Famous Winter Resort

MONACO, which is a formidable rival of Nice as a winter resort, is a distinct principality by itself, surrounded by the French Departement of Alpes Maritimes, except where it faces the sea. From the year 968 it has belonged to the house of Grimaldi, although the family were dispossessed by the French Revolution for a few years. It formerly embraced Mentone and Roquebrune, but these towns revolted in 1848 and declared themselves free towns, and in 1861 the Prince of Monaco ceded them to France. The principality now occupies a space which is about three and a half miles long by one mile wide. It has a population of about 10,000 distributed among four centres—the city of Monaco proper, the port or La Condamine, Monte Carlo and Les Moulins. They are all united, excepting the city which, like an eagle's nest, occupies its own isolated rock. At the landward or north end of the promontory on which the principality stands is the palace, parts of which date back to the thirteenth century. It is in the form of an oblong rectangle, and is sumptuously decorated with

marble. La Condamine lies between Monaco and Monte Carlo. The latter is not an isolated rock, like Monaco, but is the abrupt termination of a ridge. On the face of the town is the Casino, erected in 1862 by F. Leblanc, formerly the proprietor of the Kursaal at Homburg. Here are the gambling rooms which

are famous all over the world. A princely income is derived from the Casino, as may be imagined, since it is frequented by the gambling community not only of Europe but of America. For the concession to play 80,000*l.* a year is paid to the Prince of Monaco. But Monte Carlo has other attractions besides gambling; it is a perfect fairyland. Even in winter flowers flourish and bloom there, and the Casino is situated in the midst of the loveliest surroundings. The principal hotels are clustered together on the road up from La Condamine, on a cliff overlooking the sea. Monaco has its own coinage and its own stamps, and it maintains an army—though we must hasten to add that the Army is about equal in strength to a regimental company. Exclusive of the "Guard of Honour," it consists of five officers and seventy men. This "Army" supplies guards to the palace, and the change of guard is performed with due ceremony each day, the colour being carried and saluted. A stranger in the principality would look with some amusement at the fortifications, on which are mounted some muzzle-loading guns, with formidable pyramids of cannon balls beside them. Our photographs are by Ch. Chasseau Flavien.



TROOPING THE COLOUR AT THE PRINCE'S PALACE



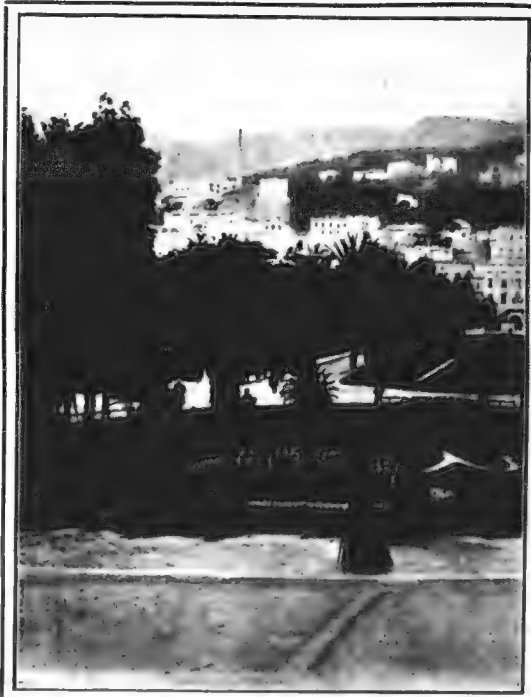
THE GUARD OUTSIDE THE PALACE



THE PRINCE'S PALACE



A REVIEW OF THE ARMY



IN FRONT OF THE CASINO



THE DEFENCES OF MONACO



A WINTER DAY AT MONTE CARLO



A GROUP OF HOTELS AT MONTE CARLO

WINTER ON THE RIVIERA: ROUND ABOUT MONACO



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

The movement among the surrendered Boers in favour of joining the National Scouts is spreading every day. Meetings are held in the different refugee camps to discuss the matter. The Boers as to particulars of enlistment are frequent. Lord Kitchener, the other day, ad

THREE CHEERS FOR LORD KITCHENER: SURRENDERED BOERS ANXIOUS TO JOIN THE NATIONAL SCOUTS AFTER BE



FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. SALIBA

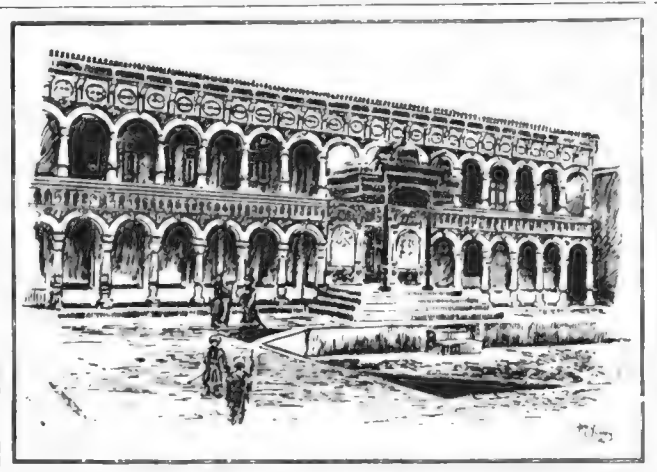
ay. Meetings are held in the different refugee camps to discuss the matter, and inquiries as to particulars of enlistment are frequent. Lord Kitchener, the other day, addressed a meeting of surrendered Boers, at Belfast, and was warmly cheered by them at the conclusion of his speech
 RRENDED BOERS ANXIOUS TO JOIN THE NATIONAL SCOUTS AFTER BEING ADDRESSED BY THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF



A RUSSIAN TSCHERKESS FROM CENTRAL ASIA
This man received his Russian decoration for courage and pluck in border warfare



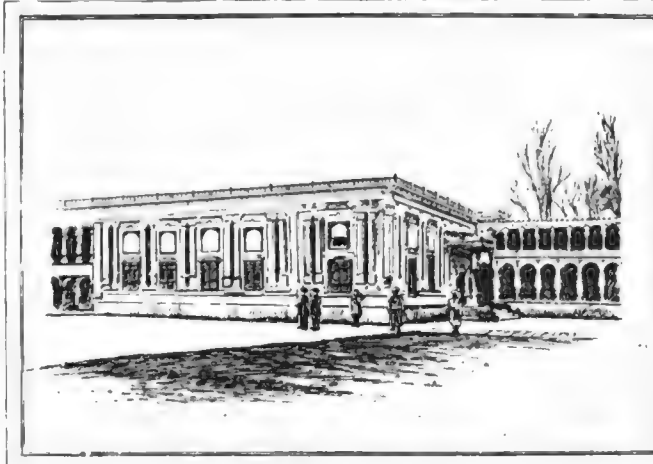
A NUPITAL FESTIVAL OF THE TURKOMAN TRIBE



HAREM OF THE AMEER OF BOKHARA



SEYD MAHOMED RAHIM
Khan of Khiva



PALACE OF THE OLD AMEER



SAYID ABDUL AHAD, AMEER OF BOKHARA

THE eastern section of Turkestan between the Aral Sea and the Chinese Frontier is divided politically between Russian territory and the still semi-independent Khanates of Bokhara and Khiva. Though nominally self-governing they are both, however, under the suzerainty of Russia. The State of Bokhara was founded by the Uzbeks in the fifteenth century. The present ruler belongs to the dynasty of Manguts, and dates from the end of the eighteenth century. In 1866 the late Ameer Mir Muzaffar-ed-din proclaimed a holy war against the Russians, who thereupon invaded his dominions, forced him to cede certain territory and pay an indemnity, while in 1873 a further treaty was signed, in which the State was made practically a Russian dependency. The population of Bokhara dwindled considerably up to 1880, but the Trans Caspian Railway has done much for the State lately, though it suffers considerably from loss of water from the Upper Zarafshan, the Russians drawing it off in ever increasing quantities for their irrigation works at Samarkand. The reigning Sovereign is the Ameer Sayid Abdul Ahad, fourth son of the late Ameer by a slave girl. He was born about 1860, was educated in Russia, and succeeded in 1885. The heir is his son Sayid Mir Alim Khan, born January 3, 1880. The Ameer has about 20,000 troops, largely Russian-drilled. The Khan of Khiva, Seyd Mahomed Rahim Khan, came to the throne in 1865. Khiva, founded, like Bokhara, on the ruins of Tamerlane's Central Asian Empire, has long been under Russian control. It is less than a quarter the size of the other State, and supports an army of some 2,000 men.



SAYID MIR ALIM KHAN, THE AMEER'S ELDEST SON

THE VISIT OF THE AMEER OF BOKHARA TO EUROPE: RUSSIAN VASSAL STATES AND THEIR RULERS



THE REVIVAL OF TRADE ON THE TYNE: THE HARBOUR OF NORTH SHIELDS

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY FRANK BRANGWYN



SOLDIERS OF THE WEST AFRICAN FIELD FORCE

The Aro Expedition

THE successful issue of the Aro Expedition is another step in the direction of reducing our West African possessions to civilised order. Just as the Benin Expedition of 1897, and the Expedition for the capture of Oglabosheri in 1899 were necessary to clear Northern Nigeria of Juju barbarities and slave-trading, so the Aro Expedition became a necessity later. In 1898 the Imperial Government revoked the Charter of the Royal Niger Company, and took over its territories. In that year Sir Ralph Moor, now High Commissioner of Southern Nigeria reported that he had tried to open up relations with the Aros in the south-eastern corner of the territory, on the Cross River, but the Aros made friendly negotiations impossible. Accordingly an expedition was organised towards the end of last year, and Colonel Montenegro was put in command. The troops which made up the West African Field Force numbered some 1,500 men, and consisted of contingents drawn from Lagos as well as Northern and Southern Nigeria. These native troops have been admirably trained, are stalwart and of fine physique and make splendid soldiers in the hands of the able officers who are in command of them. The force was divided into four columns. No. 1 column went eastward from Oguta; No. 2, under Major Mackenzie, R.A., left Ungwana and advanced on the enemy's stronghold at Nze-Okori, where it was met by the No. 3 under Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Festing, who took command of the combined force, occupied Bendi. Meanwhile column No. 2 had met No. 4, which was commanded by Major W. C. G. Heneker, and had some stiff fighting, which resulted in the capture of

Aro-Chuku. There the Aros had thrown up well-made trenches. Leaving a company to garrison Bendi, Colonel Festing concentrated his force at Aro-Chuku, and attacked and destroyed Obinkuta. The "Long Juju," the famous shrine of fetishism, was next captured. It lay at the foot of a steep ravine, and was only approachable by a ladder. It consisted of a small hut made of beams, roofed in, covered with earth and plants. There was a back door for the priest, and one in front opening on to an artificial lake. The top of the hut was decorated with a quantity of human skulls, and more of the same ghastly ornaments lay in the water and were stuck about on posts and trees. The lake contained plenty of sacred fish, and in the centre was an island, with a clump of old guns stuck muzzle downwards in the earth, and a stove resting on the top used for sacrificial purposes. The last human sacrifice is said to have taken place only a few months ago. Loko was captured on January 2, and on the 11th of the month the Aros were badly defeated at Okoko. Since then Aro-Chuku has been fortified, and the Aro power is said to be broken after they had been cut off from all assistance from neighbouring tribesmen. Our illustrations are from photographs by an officer with the force.

Advance Bulawayo!

HARDLY ten years ago Lobengula reigned at Bulawayo, with his impis gathering once a year about the kingly kraal. Since that time much blood has flowed along the Shangani River; and Bulawayo is now a city which, indeed, belongs to a king, but to a king who is emperor of a dominion in which Matabeleland is but a village. Where the mud-huts stood, a Court of Justice has arisen; and where the Witch Dance was held, the British have swept back the bush to form—a bowling green! There is a photograph of the bowling green in the Christmas Number of the *Bulawayo Chronicle*—a splendid publication, with coloured supplements and an illuminated title-page, on which pictured Bulawayo looks like some peaceful English country town: and the group which gathers round the bowler as he crouches to deliver his bowl at the jack, might almost be such a one as stands upon the trim lawn of a Cambridge College in the Long Vacation. Almost, we say, but not quite, for in one corner of the photograph, the veldt, with its broken scrub, creeps close to the smooth turf, an emblem of the rude forces of reaction which the Briton is steadily pushing back. In the Introduction to the Bulawayan's Christmas number the Editor imagines that some Rhodesian of a milk and honey future may blow the dust off this hardy annual and say, "December, 1901! Why the great Boer War had been going on for more than two years. Well, those old Rhodesians must have been a cheery, plucky lot!" So they are, as every page of this annual from cover to cover testifies. A page of photographs of Plumer's men at Crocodile Pools is next door to illustrations of Bulawayo's ornate Grand Hotel, its fine market buildings, its graceful Memorial Hospital, and its wide street of massive houses and stores. It dips into the future, for there is a coloured drawing of the days to come when the Cape-to-Cairo Railway shall span the gorge of the Zambesi Falls; but the present should be good enough for Bulawayo. In that favoured capital, so the advertisements proclaim, one may get dress suits or a plumber for the water-pipes; "Our Cowboy Hats" are as low as 12s. 6d.; and the Bulawayo draper puts out mysterious references to Nainsook and "trimmed real Torchon." Do you want an electric light installation?—apply to Telephone 254 Bulawayo. An organ or a cornet?—even a field-cornet Bulawayo can supply. For picnics on the Shangani apply to the Bulawayo coach and landau proprietors; for ping-pong and



ARO TRENCHES NEAR ARO-CHUKU

golf links you need only go as far as Alcorn Street: and for amusement, coupled with eighty-eight pages racy of the Rhodesian veldt, there is no need to go farther than the Bulawayo Christmas number.

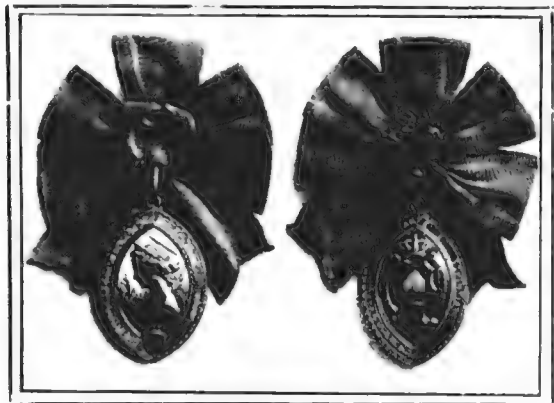
WHAT HAS BEEN PAID FOR CORONATION SEATS.—In very early ages the charge for a seat was only a base coin of some low value—a *croward* for the Coronation of Henry I.; a *pillard* for Stephen and Henry II.; a *fuslin* for Richard I. and John; and a *dodkin* for Henry III. By Edward I.'s time the price had run up to half a ferling or farthing, for Edward II. it was a farthing, for Edward III. a halfpenny, and then the cost doubled to a penny by the days of Richard II. and Henry IV. When Henry V. came to the throne his subjects paid two pennies, or half a groat, to see their Sovereign crowned, and then the cost stood at a whole groat for the next five Coronations. The prices rose again for Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth to a teston or tester—sixpence—and went up still further to a whole shilling for James I. and Charles I. People were more prodigal with their money after the Restoration, the seat being valued at 2s. 6d. for the "Sacrificing" of the Second Charles and James. So the price went on an ascending scale—a crown for William and Mary, Anne and George I.; half a guinea for George II.; sums reaching even to 100*l.* for a small room at George III.'s Coronation, and ten guineas for a front seat in the galleries at Westminster Abbey.



THE ARO EXPEDITION: THE HOME OF THE "LONG JUJU" WHICH HAS BEEN DESTROYED

The Badge of the St. Cecilia Academy

THE Royal Academy of St. Cecilia at Rome was founded in 1585, and began its existence as the Order of St. Cecilia. In order to make certain that the degree of the Order should be coveted to the utmost and recognised as standing alone in its exclusiveness, its creators ruled that the number of degrees conferred by the Order should never exceed fifty, of which twenty-five should be conferred upon Italians, and twenty-five upon foreigners. During the three centuries that have passed since the foundation of the Order of St. Cecilia only eight foreigners have ever received the degree. The American Soprano, Mme. Blauvelt, is the eighth to be thus honoured, and is the first English-speaking person, and the first of her sex, to receive this recognition. The event



leading up to the presentation occurred some years ago when Mme. Blauvelt was studying in Rome. A great musical event was announced, the singing of the Verdi Requiem under the direction of the Royal Academy of St. Cecilia. In the quartet was Marconi, the tenor; Nannetti, the basso; Madame Falchi, contralto; but to find a soprano seemed impossible. It was then that Mme. Blauvelt filled the gap, and at once made a reputation. She was afterwards summoned to the palace and presented to Queen Margherita. Last February, when Verdi died and the Academy gave the Verdi Requiem in memoriam, Mme. Blauvelt scored a second triumph, and the degree and decoration were conferred upon her. The decoration is of gold and bears on one side the head of St. Cecilia, and on the other the crest and motto of the Academy.

THE FRENCH COPPER COINAGE is to be altered this year. Aluminium bronze coins will be used instead.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY interests the German Emperor, and during Prince Henry's passage across the Atlantic, His Majesty arranged to have constant communication with his brother on the Marconi system. Even the Japanese are taking up the idea and establishing wireless telegraph stations along the Korean coast.

Our Bookshelf

"THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A POACHER"

THIRTY is a fascinating sound about the title of this volume. The hero for want of a better word was born and bred at Dulverton, near Exmoor, and seems to have spent the early years of his life in poaching fish, pheasants, and hares, and in boot-making. As he grew older he possessed himself of a gun, and then his trouble began, for though he appears to have thoroughly enjoyed the sporting part of his life, he was continually falling foul of keepers and magistrates, and spent a considerable part of his time in jail. Later he went in for big game, and his editor tells some more or less exciting stories of the poachers' raids on the deer on Exmoor. He himself claims to be the "last of the deer killers." In the end, our friend gave up poaching and became a gamekeeper, and when, owing apparently to beer, for which he always had a partiality, he lost his situation, he drifted into the workhouse, then attempted to hang himself. After spending six weeks in an asylum, he came out a reformed character, gave up beer, went regularly to church, and is now a humdrum but industrious old man.

NEW EDITIONS

Captain Aylmer Haddone has now written a fuller account of "How We Escaped from Pretoria" (Blackwood). He says that since the publication of the first edition he has been placed in possession of facts of which he was unaware at the time he wrote the original articles. The story of his and Lieutenant Le Mesurier's escape is certainly one of the most thrilling incidents of the early part of the war, and well worth the retelling. We have also received a new edition of Mr. C. L. S. Thompson's fascinating volume, "Poison Romance and Poison Mysteries" (The Scientific Press). Several new chapters have been introduced, one of which deals with the "poison mystery" which recently aroused such widespread interest in the United States.

"SHOOTING"

There are few more interesting volumes to be found in this series of works, "The Haddon Hall Library," than the one before us. Interesting not only to sportsmen, but to all who have an affection for out-of-door life, and who know how to appreciate the beauties of our woods and our moors, our hills and our streams. Mr. Shand, besides being a good sportsman, is a keen lover of the country, and he is also an able, not to say poetical, writer. He does not regard sport merely as a pastime, but also as an education. He says: "As they (field sports) exercise the body, they develop the mind, and awaken, though it may be unobviously and unconsciously, the poetry that lies latent in the most prosaic. What better training for active service in the field . . . than the long run with the hounds in the shires, or the hard day's shooting on the hills? Each scene is brought into active play, and the strain on mind and body may be even painfully prolonged. Tactics are studied as well as strategy. The eye is trained to pick out weak places in the fence and rapidly to survey the ground, so as to save the horse. . . . But in shooting, more than in hunting," he continues, "must all the faculties be on the

"The Auto-biography of a Poacher," Edited by "Caractacus" (Murray)

"Shooting," By Alexander James Shand. (Dent.)

front. As in fishing, success depends on incessant watchfulness and remarkable perseverance." Mr. Shand's "Shooting" embraces every kind of sport with the gun to be met with in these islands. He first advises his readers as to the buying of his equipment, and then teaches them, by precept and example, how, when and where to kill every sort of game, from snipe to pheasant, from ducks to deer. The book from cover to cover is well worth reading. It is also well illustrated by J. Smit and H. L. Stevenson.

"SEPOY GENERALS: WELLINGTON TO ROBERTS"

Mr. Forrest has had opportunities (of which he has not been slow to take advantage) of procuring information regarding the lives and campaigns of the Sepoy Generals, which fall to the lot of few writers on similar subjects. Although he has not hesitated to make use of earlier "Lives," despatches, &c., yet these biographical studies were written while he was employed in examining the ancient records in the archives at Bombay, Madras and Calcutta, and each essay is, in a measure, the result of his work as Director of Record to the Government of India. The volume contains the biography of nine notable Sepoy commanders, viz., Lord Wellington, Sir Charles Napier, Sir Herbert B. Edwards, Sir Thomas Munro, Sir David Baird, General John Jacob, Sir Donald Stewart, Sir William Lockhart and Lord Roberts. The story of the campaigns conducted by these gallant soldiers covers practically the whole history of Indian warfare, from the Marhatta war, which took place in 1795, to the Tirah campaign. The author naturally treats in greater detail of the services in India of the generals of which he writes, although in the case of Lord Roberts he gives a short account of his work during the present war in South Africa. Considering their length the biographies are wonderfully complete, and in addition they are ably written.

"ARCHAEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF EGYPT"

The tenth memoir of the "Archaeological Survey of Egypt" contains a description in detail of the rock tombs of Sheikh Said, to which attention has previously been called by Robert Hay, Wilkinson, Lepsius and others. These tombs belong to the period of general decadence during which the seventh and eighth dynasties ruled in Egypt, but they are interesting as having afforded shelter to the Copts in later times, and many graffiti remain to testify to the presence of these early Christians. The numerous plates which accompany the volume are praiseworthy, chiefly owing to the accuracy with which they tally with the original sculptures and the extreme care which has been bestowed upon their reproduction. The invariable scenes of tawling, ploughing, sowing, reaping, boat-building and sacrifice are to be found; while the chieftains, for whom the tombs were built, accompanied by their sons and dogs, and dignified by the comparatively colossal proportions suitable to their rank, survey the work of their vassals with the calm of conscious superiority. The labour and exactness required for the production of such a work must have been enormous, and both the author, Mr. N. de G. Davies, and the editor, Mr. F. Ll. Griffith, are very much to be congratulated on the result.

"Sepoy Generals: Wellington to Roberts." By G. W. Forrest, C.I.I. (Blackwood)

"Archaeological Survey of Egypt." Edited by F. Ll. Griffith. Tenth Memoir. "The Rock Tombs of Sheikh Said." By N. de G. Davies. (Published by the Egypt Exploration Fund.)

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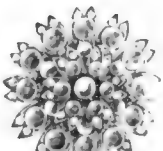
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"THE MASTERY OF THE PACIFIC"

Mr. Colquhoun's new book is not merely a most fascinating and thoughtful contribution to the problem of the lines on which the rising nations will develop their Pacific possessions, but it brings a breath of fresh air into the political arena. Some twenty years ago, before the partition of Africa, those with any prescience foresaw that Africa must speedily be parcelled out and that various avid nations were greedily surveying that continent, but events move quickly nowadays. Africa has been shared out and devoured, and although the Boer trouble has riveted attention on that quarter of the globe, it is well to be reminded that the mastery of Africa is of secondary importance to the mastery of the Pacific. With tolerable precision the future of Africa may be forecast, but not even Mr. Colquhoun, with his wide knowledge, would venture to forecast what may develop in the Far East. In every way far more fascinating and far more pressing than the African problem is the problem of the East, and it is well to be reminded, as this book reminds us, of this all-important fact, and to see things once more in their right proportions. The book covers such a vast field that it is impossible to deal with it in any detail, but it must be said that it surveys briefly, in a series of word pictures teeming with interest, the present state of the lands bordering on the Pacific, and the islands and island groups which lie between the Pacific shores of America and Asia. Most of the great nations of the world have interests in the Pacific, but those which stand out pre-eminently are Great Britain, the United States, Japan, Germany and Holland. With the exception of the last, all have fully grasped the truth that, no matter how difficult or dangerous the task may be, or how stupendous the responsibility, there can be no standing still. There must be advance or decay in Empire-building or Colonial expansion—alternative there is none. This book was written, of course, before the new Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which may have far-reaching consequences, but, if naval supremacy is to decide the mastery of the Pacific—and of this there can be no doubt—one cannot but feel that the Alliance will have the author's approval, unless, perchance, he would have preferred something so out of the range of practical politics as an alliance with the United States. After reading Mr. Colquhoun's survey of the state of the possessions of different nations in the Pacific, two things strike the reader very forcibly. One is, what will be the future of the Dutch territories? for they include some of the richest islands, and yet are in a state of stagnation. The other is, how long will it be before Britain over the seas is wealthy and strong enough to begin shipbuilding and the construction of a Pacific fleet? The United States, with all her vast resources, is severely handicapped by want of harbours on the Pacific Slope, but Canada and British Columbia know no such disadvantages. The wealth and resources of the latter have scarcely been touched. It enjoys an admirable white man's climate, and its possibilities as a country for the development of the white race are enormous, wholly irrespective of its important position, a position which will not be seriously affected, even when the Nicaraguan Canal is cut and United States intercourse with the Pacific is thus facilitated. As a base for sea power it possesses every advantage, including harbours, coal and iron. Those nations, though, which come to the front in the struggle for the mastery of the Pacific, will be confronted with colossal problems. The Pacific is a wide term. It covers temperate British Columbia,

where white men can work and thrive, and it covers also huge regions where the European can only be a sojourner in the land, and where the labour question is all-important. Of all the peoples in the East, John Chinaman is the only satisfactory worker, and so on the one hand we have the advantages of Chinese labour with an unlimited supply to draw upon; while, on the other hand, we see colonies closing their doors to the yellow man, and sternly refusing to allow him to enter, and this only because their experience has been painful and bitter. The annual expenses of an average Japanese peasant are about 9%; the annual expenses of a Chinaman at home are probably not more. He is indispensable but unpopular; he can if he choose undersell every other form of labour, while his marvellous adaptability can also enable him, as in Singapore, to thrive and flourish, to wax fat, and parade his carriage and pair. On the whole question of China Mr. Colquhoun seems to prefer to preserve an open mind. China is so vast, her power, if she could, like Japan, organise her strength, would be so tremendous that it would be rash to speculate on the future, but the importance of every other Pacific question pales before the question as to what will be the future of China. It is impossible in the course of a brief review of a book which teems with interest to touch on more than one or two points, and one of those to which the writer draws attention is the "significant change which has lately come over the shipping in the Far East." It is not pleasant to read that where once you could travel by British now you must go by German steamers, and that the boats on German and Japanese lines are absorbing traffic for the simple reason that they are excellent and inexpensive, and that British steamers are not invariably either; while Japanese sailors inspire more confidence than the inevitable Lascars of English lines. One of the most thoughtful sections of the book is that which deals with the Americans in the Philippines. It is eminently fair, while not attempting to disguise the mistakes which have been made by our Transatlantic friends in taking up a work with no past experience to guide them. But the whole question of American over-sea expansion is a vastly interesting one, more particularly as showing how nations, like individuals, find themselves doing what all their lives they have sworn to avoid. One understands the Filipino, though, much better after reading this book, and understands, too, how difficult a task the Americans have undertaken. You can deal with a native or deal with a white man, but the "little brown brother" is neither white nor black. He is "a half-civilised, clever, irresponsible child," and his future presents a very knotty problem. Mr. Colquhoun has travelled far and wide, and has studied colonisation so impartially that it is with some satisfaction one may say in conclusion that he has seen nothing anywhere to show that other nations are learning better methods than ours of treating subject races. The Americans may acquire the art with painful experience, but at present the Briton is not merely the best colonist, but, with the possible exception of the Russian, who does not come into this book at all, he is unrivalled in his power of ruling and establishing friendly relations with Orientals. Almost the only gloomy touch in the volume comes in connection with the Briton as colonist. We are so accustomed to look upon the colonies as young and thriving communities, that it is disturbing to learn that Australia has begun to suffer from a steady decrease in the birth-rate. This in a country where population is urgently wanted is a grim and far from satisfactory fact.

"THE INSANE ROOT"

"In an ordinary operation under chloroform, mental consciousness is not entirely separated from the body, but remains in close

connection with it, as in the less profound dream condition; whereas, in the case of an operation touching the brain . . . the soul is, in very truth, driven forth for the time from its earthly tenement." Now suppose—on the basis of a physiological doctrine for which universal scientific acceptance can scarcely be predicted—that another soul, impelled by the irresistibly united force of Love and Will, should succeed in occupying the empty body; what might, or might not, happen then? The wild potentialities of such a situation form the subject of Mrs. Campbell Praed's weirdly and powerfully fantastic novel called after "The Insane Root" (T. Fisher Unwin), better known in occult lore as *Mandrake* or *Mandragora*—that half-human root which is said to utter hideous screams when forced from its native earth, which serves witches as their familiars, and persons who are careless about their souls as a talisman of good fortune. The effect of romances of this order depends wholly, it need not be said, on their execution; and it is difficult to imagine an improvement upon Mrs. Praed's mastery, one may almost say logically convincing, treatment of themes that a single weak or false touch would spoil. Whether the story will permanently fascinate the memory as might have been the case had it been dealt with by the genius of Hawthorne, is another matter. But it is just as good as every sort of skill could make it—indeed, the result of sheer, hard skill has made of it a matter for wonder. In short, while we must own to having been but little moved, our admiration for its workmanship is without bounds.

"A PROPHET OF THE REAL"

Would any novelist, who really knew his business, go so far in his devotion to Realism as to marry a "human document"—only because she was that, and because he might otherwise lose his chance of a thorough psychological investigation? The real artist, even were he enthusiast enough to run the personal risk, would have known that reality is not to be got at in that way, any more than scientific breadth is to be attained by the exhaustive and exclusive study of any single specimen. None the less, this was the extraordinary course taken by Anthony Verschoyle, the eminent novelist who gives the title to Esther Miller's "A Prophet of the Real" (William Heinemann). A wife whose mother had been hanged for murdering her husband, and who promised hereditary developments, was clearly the mate for him. It was entirely without intention or expectation that the author and his "document" fell in love—fortunately with each other—after marriage; but that only bade fair to develop their relation into something more tragic than even the most fanatical of experimentalists would have bargained for. Happily, all ends well; a result for which Esther Miller is to be thanked as well as for the clever treatment of a new and original idea.

"A CORNER IN BALLYBEG"

Mr. Nicholas P. Murphy cannot be said to have succeeded in doing for Ballybeg what Mr. Barrie did for Thrums. His series of sketches (John Long) is, however, worked out on the right lines, and adds another humorous "corner" to the irregular sort of fiction to which it belongs. Pathos is evidently not Mr. Murphy's forte—his rare attempts at it are forced, and evidently made because to dispense with it altogether would be against the rules. He is at his best in dealing with some very slight incident, out of which one would suppose it impossible to make anything at all, and in making his oddities their own portrait-painters. The volume would make an excellent companion for a short railway journey, or for an idle few minutes after a busy day.

* "The Mastery of the Pacific." By Archibald R. Colquhoun. With Special Maps and One Hundred and Twenty-two Illustrations from Original Sketches and Photographs. (W. Heinemann.)

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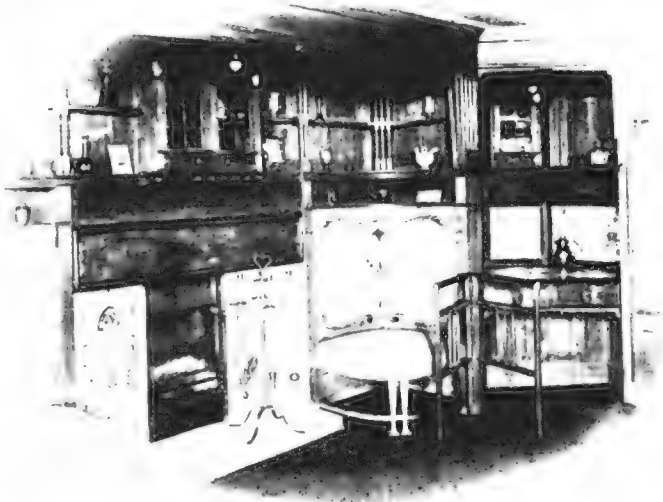


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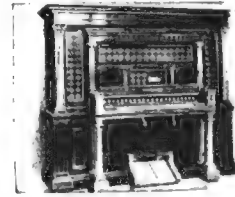
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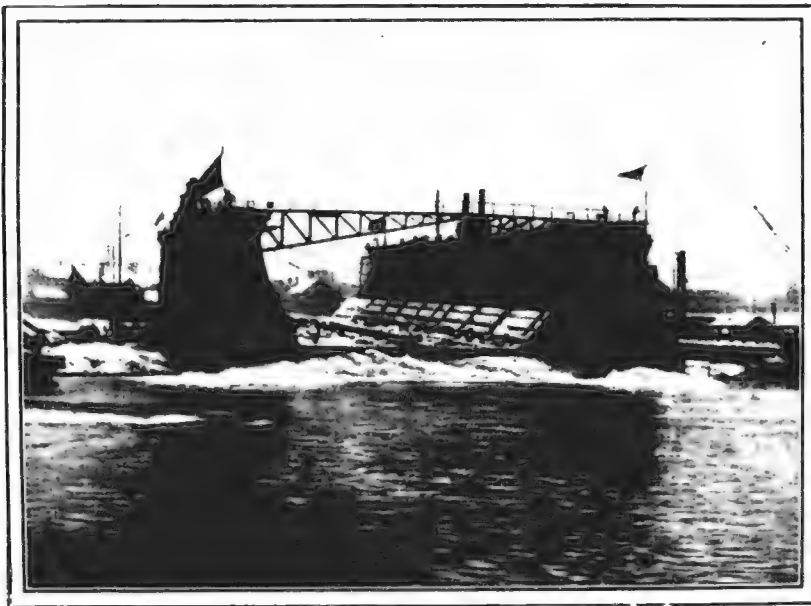
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A NEW FLOATING DOCK FOR BERMUDA

Bermuda's New Dock

THE great floating dock which has just been launched from the Yard of Messrs. Swan and Hunter, of Wallsend-on-Tyne, was built to the order of the Admiralty, and is to be placed in His Majesty's Dockyard at Bermuda, where it will replace the old floating dock that has been there since 1860, which is both obsolete and insufficient in its dimensions. It is interesting to compare the old and the present docks, for they show very clearly the great increase that there has been in the size of ships of our fleet since the old dock was built, for it, like the present one, was designed with a view to accommodating the largest vessels that were then built or building. The length of the old dock was 381 feet, and its lifting power was 8,000 tons, which was sufficient for the ships of the *Bellerophon* class, although it was capable of bringing the keel out of the water of vessels up to 10,200 tons, such as the long fully-rigged line-of-battle ships *Agincourt* and *Minotaur*. The present dock is 545 feet long, and its lifting power up to the pontoon deck level is 15,500 tons, which can be increased up to 17,500 tons. It is of the type known as Floating Graving Dock, the invention of Messrs. Clark and Standfield, from whose plans it was built. This type, of which

many examples already exist, notably the large 18,000-ton dock for the American Navy, which has just successfully lifted the battleship *Illinois*, was specially introduced by that firm with a view to producing a structure having a large amount of longitudinal rigidity. The necessity for such rigidity will be apparent when the different types of vessel that the present dock will be called on to lift are remembered. Primarily, it has to lift the line-of-battle ships of 15,000 tons displacement, with a length of bearing keel of 343 feet, but in addition it has to deal with cruisers of the *Terrible* class of about the same displacement, but with 383 feet of bearing keel, and lastly, auxiliary cruisers like the *Campania*, weighing some 17,000 tons, with a bearing length of keel of 502 feet. It is evident, therefore, that great longitudinal strength is necessary, since whilst the dock has to be long enough to deal with the 600 ft. *Campania*, practically the whole displacement of the 545 ft. long pontoons have to be utilised to lift a vessel bearing only on some 384 ft. of their length. Apart from this, the fact that the dock in its voyage out to Bermuda may have to encounter the long rollers of the Atlantic, also makes it imperative that a very stiff form of structure should be employed. Like the original Bermuda Dock, the present one is a self-docking dock—that is it can lift all parts of itself out of water—a most necessary facility in

the sub-tropical sea of Bermuda. The dock itself consists of five portions, comprising three pontoons which form the main lifting portion of the Dock, and two side walls, which, whilst affording a certain amount of lifting power, primarily serve to give the dock stability, and to regulate its descent when the pontoons are submerged.

The New Mandalay Canal

SIR FREDERIC TRYER, Lieutenant Governor of Burma, has just opened the new Mandalay Canal. It is hoped that this canal is only the first to be completed of a series of irrigation work in Upper Burma, and that, in time, the face of that province, which has always suffered from drought and famine, will be changed. The new canal is situated near the foot of the Shan Hills, and is intended to irrigate the area between Madaya and Myingye rivers, on the north and south, and the Shwetachung Canal on the west. It will supersede the latter canal, which has been abandoned, and the existing Myaungmadaw Canal. The water supply will be perennial. The irrigable area will be about 89,000 acres. The width of the weir across the river (of which we give an illustration from a photograph by Johannes and Co.) is 250 feet wide.

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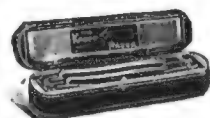
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'Place aux Dames'

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

MISS G. FORBESCU BRICKDALE'S election to membership of the Society of Oil Painters opens yet another door to the aspiring lady artist. It seems, on the face of it, rather absurd that a matter of sex should enter into the question of art. Either a picture is good or it is bad; who may have painted it is nothing to the purpose, and, judging from the inferior quality of some of the work admitted to these exhibitions, many ladies can claim distinct superiority. The Royal Academy remains firm in its refusal to admit women as associates, so do the Hibernian and Scottish Academies. Meanwhile it is a fact, though women have done well up to a certain standard, they have not hitherto displayed genius, or indisputably great talent. With the exception of Mrs. Butler and Madame Rosa Bonheur, no female painter has towered above the rank of her fellow artists. The day may come for this, but originality and vigour do not seem the special appanage of women in art.

The weather has been cold, icy, and trying to the health, yet already there are signs of spring in the air. The *primæurs* or first fruits of the garden and the hothouse surround us. Delicate pink rhubarb, juicy sea-kale, young potatoes, confront us in the green grocer's basket, while violets, lilies of the valley, hyacinths, and primulas shed their sweet scent around. The spring conservatory holds exquisite delights, the colours are so fresh, the scents so pungently fragrant. Brilliant clumps of pink and white azaleas, camellia trees with their waxy flowers, rhododendrons, and palms form a background for the pots, while tree ferns, creepers of all kinds, heliotrope and fuchsias, tea-roses and scented geraniums line the wall. In some country houses the conservatory forms the feature of the place; people sit there, talk, smoke, dawdle, and carry on flirtations. It is a very pleasant lounge, and leads one gently on through the rigours of winter to the spring garden, where the snowdrops are already peeping, and the crocus and the daffodils waiting to burst forth in their beauty.

Miss Marie Corelli has been lecturing. Women seem to take kindly to this public speaking. Mme. Sarah Grand has done well in America, and Miss Corelli pleased even the dour Scotch audience at Glasgow, over which the Lord Provost presided. The lady takes a somewhat depressing view of the "Signs of the Times," even as our ancestors did in their day, and as posterity will no doubt do also in due season. The last portion of her lecture applied to women, and she was strong in her condemnation of the evils of gambling, and especially of bridge-playing. No one wishes to stand up for the gambler of either sex, a being who commands only contempt or pity. But I understand that the points at "bridge" have been sensibly diminished of late, and that the fascinations of the game are such that people would rather play for low points than not at all. In the clubs, high play is discouraged. It is evident that guests collected together for amusement must do something, and a game of cards which encourages thought, and is a distinct mental exercise, probably does less harm to men or women than the interchange of personal comments and mischievous scandal.

M. Bourget's new play deals with an old subject—the influence

exercised over a man by his wife's personal habits and tendency, her love of dress and self-indulgence. Many an artist has had his ideals lowered; many a writer has been compelled to choose a line of uncongenial work (done pot-boilers, in short), in order to satisfy his wife's aspirations and her desire not to be outdone by her neighbours. The inartistic mind looks only to results. The best and highest class of work often does not bring in the largest income. Great poets, great prose writers have rarely made fortunes, and in many cases the wives have stood by and disapproved. It needs constant self-control, patience and an intense realisation of the value of art to be a fit helpmeet for the artist, and not every woman is capable of this self-abnegation. Probably this is the cause of the conjugal unhappiness of so many literary men. It constitutes one of the tragedies of life. Mothers, perhaps, rise best to the situation; they can understand and appreciate their sons' efforts, and are, moreover, less impatient and less selfish.

Factory girls have been helped in many ways of late years. Not one of the least admirable efforts on their behalf was the founding of various clubs, where they can pass the evening and be entertained profitably and innocently. Archdeacon Sinclair now appeals for the club carried on for nineteen years in the parish of St. Peter's, Saffron Hill, Holborn, a very poor neighbourhood. It is in want of funds, and, no doubt, the generosity of the public will not be appealed to in vain. This kind of institution costs little, is not hampered by a staff of expensive officials, and does an immense amount of good in an unobtrusive way.

I note that Lord Fitzwilliam, the type of a fine old nobleman, still kept up a practice now, I fancy, quite fallen into desuetude—the practice of leaving dinner guests to invite themselves. Lady William Russell was the last lady who adhered to this fashion, and her dinner parties were always delightful and sought after. Of course, such a custom could only be carried out in a small circle of friends. The present mode of inviting an *olla-potrida* of strangers and acquaintances to your house would effectually preclude it. But granted that a certain number of your friends wished to dine with you, and that you desired their company, there was a distinct advantage in their writing their names down on the slate kept for that purpose in the hall. You knew exactly who was in town, and when they were disengaged, and a dinner of twelve or fourteen could be made up at the smallest notice, and with the least expenditure of trouble. Society came to you in the most pleasant and informal fashion.

It is said that we are all growing too flippant in manners, literature and conversation. A good deal of this is due, no doubt, to the spread of snippety writing, which tends to prevent thought, and to the attempts at humour and epigram, which are now the fashion. Nevertheless, we are not a light-hearted nation, even if we are sometimes light-headed, and our young men and maidens rarely enjoy themselves with the irresponsible gaiety of foreigners.

"LLOYD'S REGISTER."—Last week, in describing the new building which has been erected for *Lloyd's Register*, we inadvertently credited Mr. Frampton, A.R.A., in the place of Mr. Lynn Jenkins, with the execution of the beautiful bronze, ivory and mother-of-pearl frieze which runs round the upper hall at the top of the staircase.

Music Notes

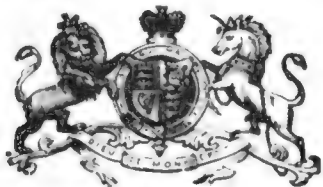
THE committee of the Sir Arthur Sullivan Memorial Fund have now settled the form which the memorial shall take. There is, we believe, not sufficient money for the statue on the Embankment, and the scholarships which it had been proposed to found. Instead, in one of the aisles of St. Paul's Cathedral will be fixed a mural tablet giving the date of Sullivan's birth and death, an allegorical picture of Orpheus with his Lute (a subject which, by the way, Sir Arthur Sullivan once set as a song), and a few bars of his celebrated hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Another memorial tablet will be fixed in the entrance hall of the Royal Academy of Music, where Sullivan was educated, and a bust of him will likewise be placed in the new concert hall of the Royal College of Music.

The Norwich Festival novelties have now been settled. They include an orchestral suite, "London Day by Day," by Sir A. C. Mackenzie, a cantata, *Snow White*, by Dr. Cowen, a cantata, *High Tide*, by Dr. Elgar, overtures by Dr. Stanford and Mr. Hervey, a rhapsody on March themes by Mr. German, a vocal duet by Mr. Bedford, and a scena by Mr. Cliffe.

Dr. Elgar, it is understood, will compose an Ode for the Coronation in June. It will be for soprano soloist, chorus, and orchestra, and it will, it is hoped, be heard for the first time at the State performance at the Opera, when the solo will be entrusted to Madame Melba, the vocal representative of the Colonies.

The new Savoy opera, *Merrie England*, will be produced on the 19th inst. The music by Mr. Edward German will, it is understood, comprise, among other things, a patriotic chorus of which much is expected. The libretto is from the pen of Mr. Basil Hood, and it is said to deal to a certain extent with the flirtation (an innocent one by the way) between Sir Walter Raleigh, a part to be played by Mr. Evett, and Bessie Throckmorton, Queen Elizabeth's Maid of Honour, a rôle which will fall to Miss Agnes Fraser. Pretty Miss Bessie is the principal female character in the piece, and she was originally intended for Miss Isabel Jay. That lady has, however, decided upon a far more important engagement—one in fact for life, as shortly after the new opera is floated she will become the wife of Mr. Henry Cavendish, the well-known explorer. The character of Queen Elizabeth will fall to Miss Rosina Brandram, while the Earl of Leicester will be played by Mr. Lytton. There will be plenty of comic interest in the piece, and the principal comedians will be depicted as members of the theatrical company of William Shakespeare; the dramatist, however, not himself appearing in the opera. The principal player is Wilkins, a genuine historical character, and a part which will fall to Mr. Walter Passmore; Mr. Mark Kinghorn will play Simpkin, another Shakespearian comedian; Miss Louie Pounds will sustain the character part of a girl known as "Jill-all-Alone;" while there will be a dainty rôle for the Queen of the May, which will be enacted by Miss Keddie, a recruit to the troupe. Mr. Crompton, the gigantic sentry of *Iolanthe*, will play the part of one of the Royal Foresters. Mr. François Cellier, who has been conductor ever since the Savoy started, was, by the way, on Monday last, succeeded as conductor by the well-known Scottish composer, Mr. Hamish McCunn.

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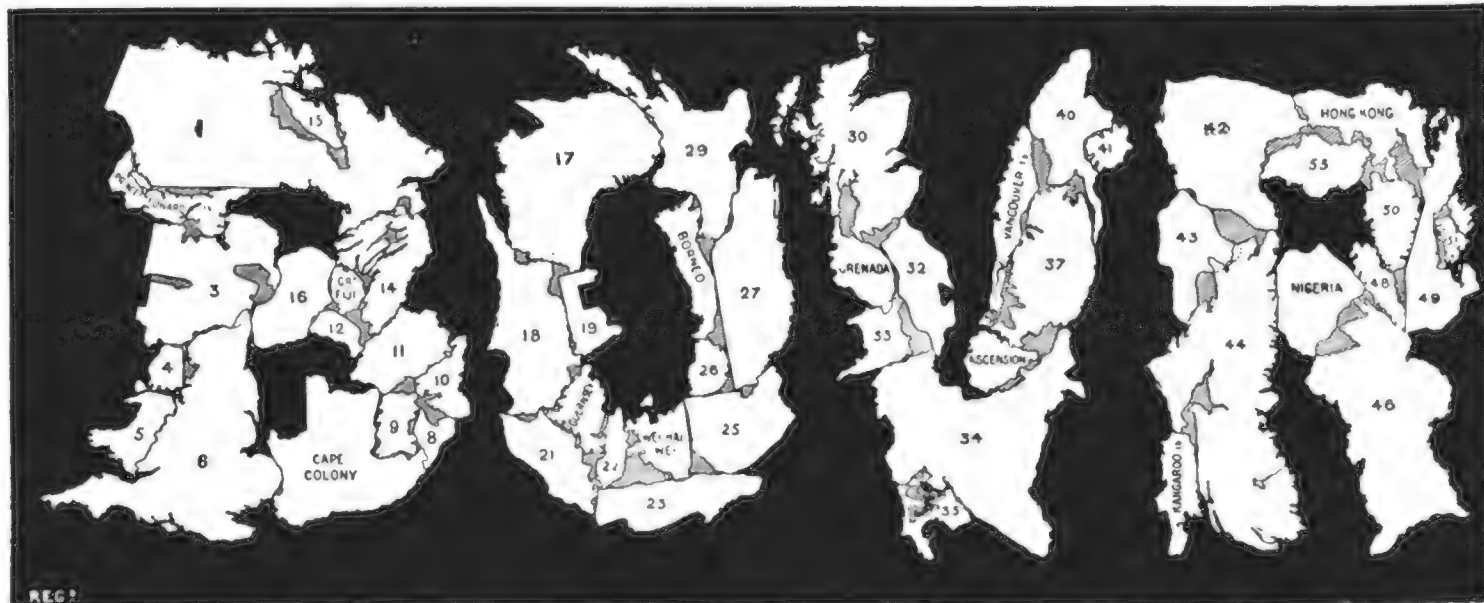


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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

WHEAT looked very well at the end of January, but the past month does not seem to have suited it, and there is a consensus of opinion that it lacks vigour of growth and has also gone off in colour. Winter beans look healthy enough, as do both rye and tares; what the wheat has found so decidedly adverse in February is a little mysterious, but the fact appears undoubted. The meadows look very grey and dead and the clover is by no means promising. The land is in good state for fine barley sowing, and many farmers, we note, are now satisfied with a single ploughing for this crop. Of course this is a great change from the old maxim of ploughing three times for barley; but for one thing the labour bill is nowadays about double what it was fifty years ago, and for another, the useful form of plough, which has a small surface blade as well as the deep ploughing metal, the plough proper, has come into general service, and produces a capital surface soil for the barley. Some spring beans and peas are being sown. The price of wheat, however, being miserably low, spring sowings of the chief crops are likely to be practically nil.

HEDGES

A competent authority writes:—"I object to wire in a hedge on grounds quite apart from those of the huntsman. The proper way to mend or hedge is with tinnet—i.e., with stakes and brushwood, at the same time planting quick thorns where the old hedge is dead. My experience is, that when once a hedge gets mended with wire, the hedge gradually goes down; the cattle and sheep eat off the quick, and in a few years, instead of a hedge there is only a ragged fence comprised of a few dead sticks and unsightly and dangerous wire." Landlords may safely insert a covenant in their leases against wire, for not only is it not the best method of mending hedges, but it is not even the cheapest. The farm labourer can do the hedge-mending during the winter months when labour is standing idle; in fact, most farmers keeping on a certain minimum of old hands, are glad to find them something to do when the land is rather too heavy to work or else is frost-bound.

EXHAUSTING CROPS

This phrase is commonly used as a sentence of condemnation on several different sorts of plants. It is of course a matter of serious consideration how much a crop takes out of the land, but the main thing is how much it yields in proportion to what it exacts. Linseed is extremely exhausting, but it makes 60s. per quarter against 30s. for wheat, while the fibre makes more than straw, it is not lightly to be dismissed. Cabbages are also condemned on account of the great quantities of manure required to grow them well. As, however, they are a succulent food much appreciated by animals, and are in perfection at a useful season, they are no more to be ruled summarily out of court than is linseed. Broccoli-growing introduces a fresh item of perplexity. The plant does not require such heavy manuring as cabbage, but then it is much more liable to succumb to frost. As in the other cases a balance of probability of net profit is what farmers have really to go by.

CATTLE-BREEDING

The twentieth century has started with an especially valuable



A FAMOUS OLD TAPESTRY RESTORED

series of nineteenth century experiences to guide it in the matter of cattle-breeding. The energetic breeders of the Royal and Smithfield Clubs have tried almost every experiment, and before the century was out had settled down into a policy representing a consensus of expert opinion. The animal bred for beef is now expected to go to the butcher in the thirtieth month. To force on growth more than this is probably uneconomical, while to let growth take longer is certainly so. The proportion of meat yielded to the live weight of the animal must never be less than four cwt. if the beast weighs seven, while 4½cwt. represents success, and 5cwt. a triumph. The breeding of cattle is found to depend to a great extent on regularity of feeding, variety in feeding stuffs, and the preservation of a fairly uniform temperature. The waste of caloric in the exposure of hardy animals to cold has been demonstrated, and it is no longer urged that the animal "can stand the cold perfectly well." The answer is, "Yes; but how much growth and development is checked by the withdrawal of energy for the purpose of fighting the cold?" Against excessive efforts towards early maturity nature sets loss of firmness in flesh and in the nutritious elements thereof. The limit of early maturity would seem to be twenty-four or twenty-five months.

A Fifteenth Century Verdure

At South Kensington is now hanging a great panel of tapestry which belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, and which is shortly to be removed to Hardwicke Hall, Derbyshire. In a sense, Hardwicke Hall is the place from which the tapestry came, for it has been hanging there in a fragmentary condition for several hundreds of years. It is, however, older than Hardwicke Hall, for it was old when the hall was new, and was, in fact, used to serve the purpose of stop-gap hangings by the lady who built that fine Elizabethan mansion. No respect for its antiquity restrained her from destroying

the tapestry; but, fortunately for the twentieth century, "Bess of Hardwicke" needed nearly every scrap of it for her amateur attempts at wall and window decoration. In its fragmentary condition it has hung and blackened with the dirt of centuries; but now that, at the suggestion of Mr. Arthur Strong, the Librarian to the House of Lords, it has been taken down, cleaned and pieced together, it appears as the first of four great panels of the sports of Britain in the fifteenth century. A "verdure" is the name properly given to such a panel, and its interest is twofold. In the first place, it is of undeniably British weaving, in the sense that it was woven in this country, for costumes, sports, and heraldic decorations effectively distinguish it, as well as the flag of St. George at the masthead of the ship. It is as certainly fifteenth century work. But the first recognised English manufactory was not set up until 1619, when Sir Francis Crane established one at Mortlake. Consequently this new-found tapestry, which was probably made by Flemish immigrants from the Netherlands, already beginning to feel the exactions of their rulers—antedates the earliest English tapestry hitherto recognised by more than a hundred years. This fact constitutes the chief importance of the tapestry as an antiquarian discovery. Hardly of secondary importance is the value of the information which the tapestry affords of the dress of the nobles and of the methods of sport in the fifteenth century. The tapestry, which was, no doubt, made to the order of some great nobleman—if not of Henry VI. himself, since the crowned "M" on the trappings of the horse bearing the principal female figure, points to the identity of this lady with Henry VI.'s wife, Margaret of Anjou, the daughter of René le Bon, sometime Duke of Anjou and King of Naples—would have sufficient noble critics to guarantee accuracy in matters of detail. There are four panels, which are a complete summary of the sports of the period. This, the first one, represents the pursuit of the otter, the swan and the bear. The bear, it will be perceived, is being pursued with the aid of Indian attendants; in another panel he is shown chased by the populace with sticks, stones, and other handy weapons.

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Books of Reference

"WHITTAKER'S PEERAGE" (J. Whittaker and Sons), which has now reached its sixth annual edition, has become a recognised book of reference that we should not like to be without. The volume has increased in dimensions by some seventy pages, and is an improvement in many ways upon its predecessor. The book is arranged alphabetically, and to each name there is a capital biography briefly set forth, but with all the essential facts and dates mentioned. In the case of hereditary titles, titled relatives are given. No other book deals with the Royal Family so fully, 280 relatives of the King being included in what is a perfect family tree of the existing relatives of our Royal House. The "Peerage" is brought well up to date, and it has the merit of being remarkably cheap. "The Year's Art" (H. Virtue

and Co.), which is compiled by A. C. R. Carter, has now reached its twenty-third annual issue. The portraits in the new edition are those of thirteen portrait painters, and include those of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., the Hon. John Collier, Mr. A. S. Cope, A.R.A., and Professor Herkomer, R.A. The book hardly needs a description, it is so well known among those to whom it is of value. It contains, briefly stated, a good summary of art in 1901, particulars of Galleries and Art Schools throughout the Kingdom, and a useful directory of artists and art workers, with the number of pictures they had in the principal exhibitions last year. "The Catholic Directory" (Burns and Oates), which is published with the sanction of the Cardinal Archbishop and Roman Catholic Bishops of England and Wales, is now published for the 65th successive year. It is the most complete directory of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. "Hazell's Annual" (Hazell, Watson and Viney) has its seventeenth

year of issue, and very soon after its appearance began to be recognised as an indispensable work of reference. The volume is well described as "a cyclopaedic record of men and topics of the day." The articles are arranged alphabetically, and no subject of importance that has been lately before the public seems to be omitted. Another merit of the book is that it has been brought well up to date, having been corrected down to December 6. New articles will be found on the Armies of the world, Navies of the world, trade of the world, Ministers, Diplomatic and Consular Representatives, railways, industrial trusts, engineering schemes of the world. "Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary of the English Language" (W. and R. Chambers), is edited by the Rev. Thomas Davidson, the assistant editor of the same firm's encyclopaedia, and is the third dictionary to be edited by him. It is a capital work of over 1,200 closely printed pages, and is published at the reasonable price of 3s. 6d.

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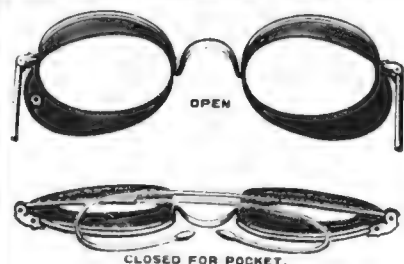
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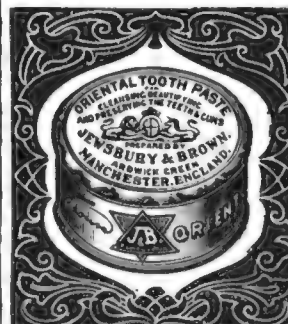
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THE RETURN OF THE CHINESE COURT

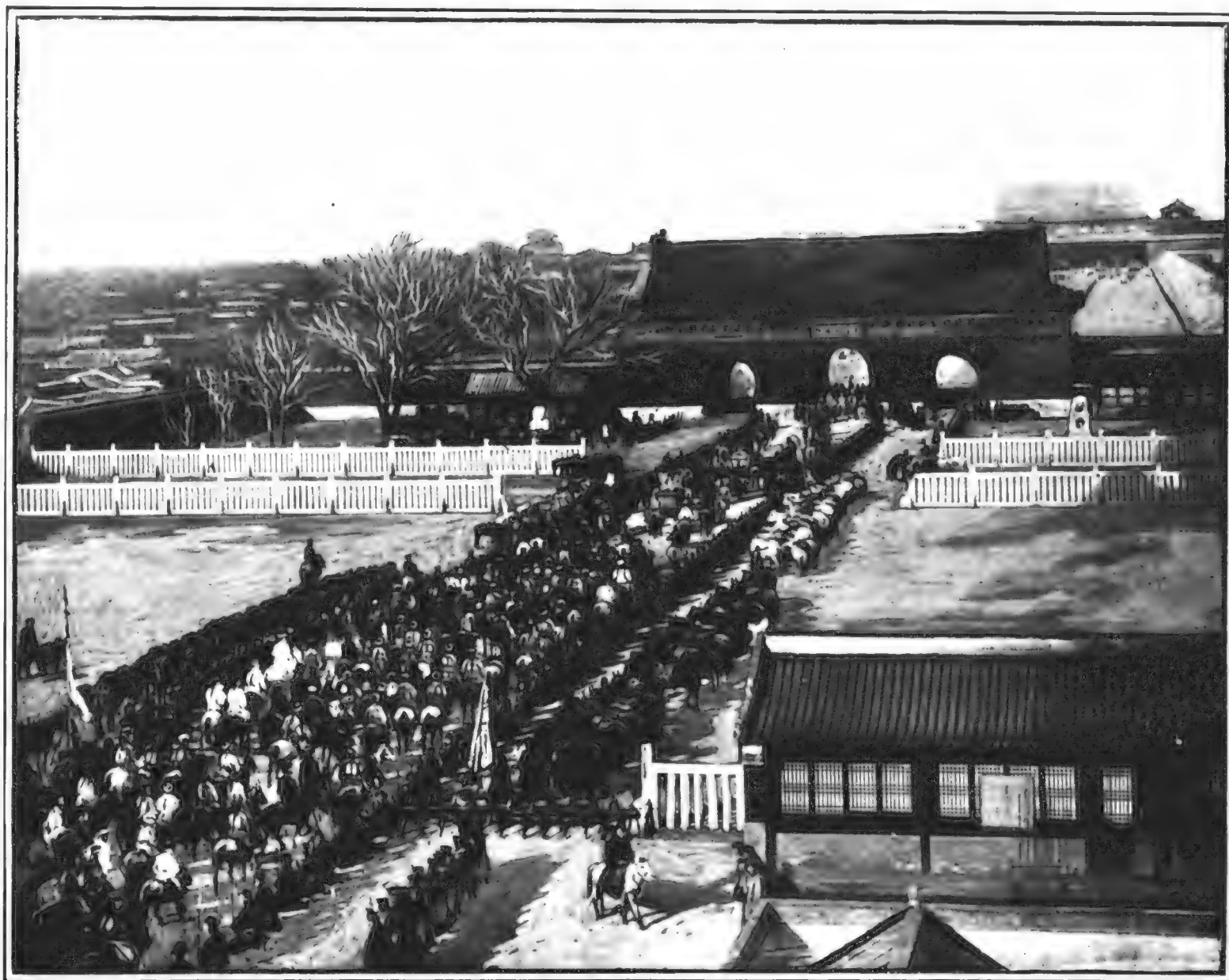
THE return of the Chinese Court from Si-ngan-fu to Peking formed one of the most striking spectacles in the annals of the dynasty. The Court came by train to Machiapu, just outside the city, and the procession thence to the Forbidden City, with its bewildering array of Oriental splendour, was magnificent. The chief significance of the day's proceedings was the complete setting aside of the traditional deification of Chinese Royalty. Foreigners were allowed greater facilities for witnessing the ceremonial than would have been afforded them at most European Courts. The Horseshoe Wall, forming the ancient gate of Chien Men, was crowded with Europeans—diplomats, officers, missionaries, ladies, correspondents and photographers. The route, four miles in length, was lined with soldiers. When the Imperial party arrived at the station there were some two thousand officials, princes and viceroys assembled on the platform to meet them, all of whom, when the Emperor appeared, prostrated themselves and remained kneeling until he had taken his seat in his gorgeous palanquin. Headed by cavalry, the cavalcade moved off at a quick

trot, followed by a large body of officials mounted on shaggy ponies. The Emperor's chair was borne by eight bearers and guarded by infantry on either side. With the Dowager Empress was the Boxer chief and Prime Minister Yung-lu. As the procession passed the soldiers knelt, holding their rifles at the "present," while bugles were blown continuously. On reaching the Horseshoe Wall, the procession halted, and the Emperor and Empress alighted from their chairs. The Emperor walked to the temple of the God of War on the west of the open square; and from the wall 40ft. above him, hundreds of foreigners gazed upon the scene, and dozens of cameras were focussed upon the "Son of Heaven." When the Emperor returned, his chair was borne through the gate, and then the Dowager Empress's chair was brought to the entrance of the temple of the Goddess of Mercy on the eastern side of the square, and Her Majesty, supported on the arms of two officials, entered the temple, followed by a company of Buddhist priests bearing gifts. The bell of the temple boomed, and in five minutes she returned, and, looking upwards, faced the crowd of foreigners, to whom she bowed low twice before returning to her chair. Meantime the Chinese soldiers and minor officials in the square knelt.

The whole scene was one of almost barbaric splendour, but besides the magnificence there was another very striking point about the procession, and that was that though the streets were kept empty, thousands of Chinese crowded the elevations along the route—a thing never permitted before—and the two arches at the sides of the gate were filled with Chinese coolies, who actually ventured for once to gaze at their rulers. This incident stood out in the sharpest contrast with the old *régame*, under which neither diplomats nor natives were permitted to view the passage of Royal personages along the streets.

The majority of the Ministers, including the British, American, French, and Russian, absented themselves, but the ladies of the Legations were entertained by the Chinese officials on the balconies *en route*. It appears that the Dowager-Empress ordered every courtesy to be extended to the foreigners, and that the efforts which had at first been made to exclude them emanated from local officials.

The American soldiers witnessed the spectacle from the parade-ground opposite the Palace. The British garrison, including the officers, were kept to their quarters, which was a cause of much heartburning.



THE EMPEROR PASSING INTO THE FORBIDDEN CITY, PEKING

From a Photograph by W. D'Hart



DRAWN BY F. MAIANIA

THE IMPERIAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF PEKING ON ITS WAY T



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. HINTON

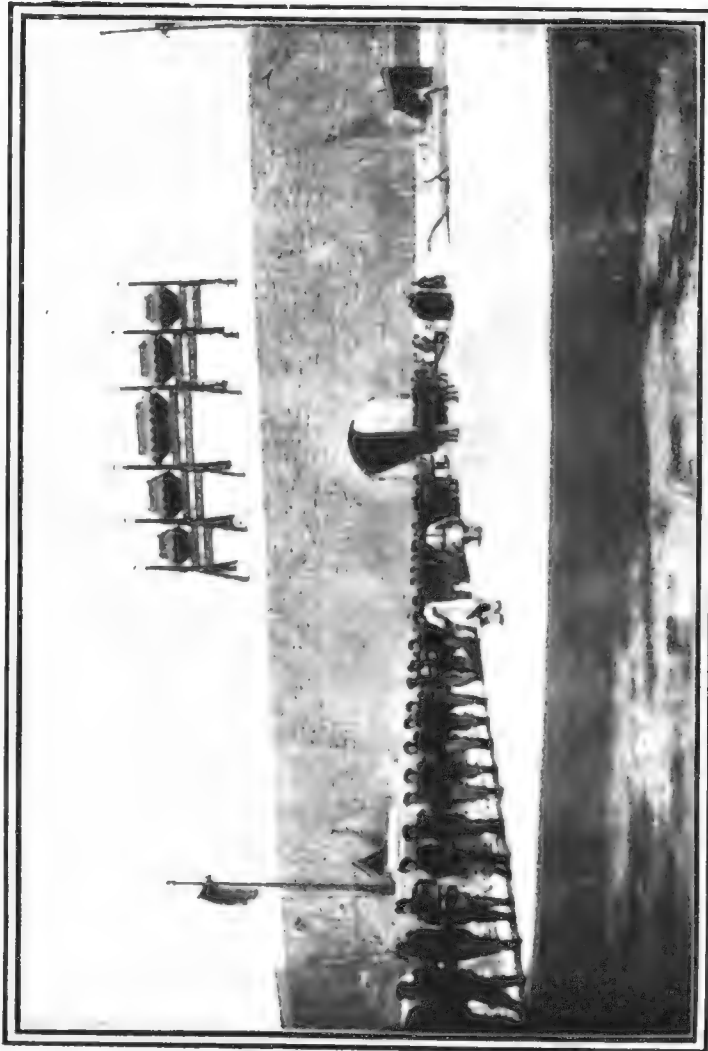
SSION PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF PEKING ON ITS WAY TO THE FORBIDDEN CITY



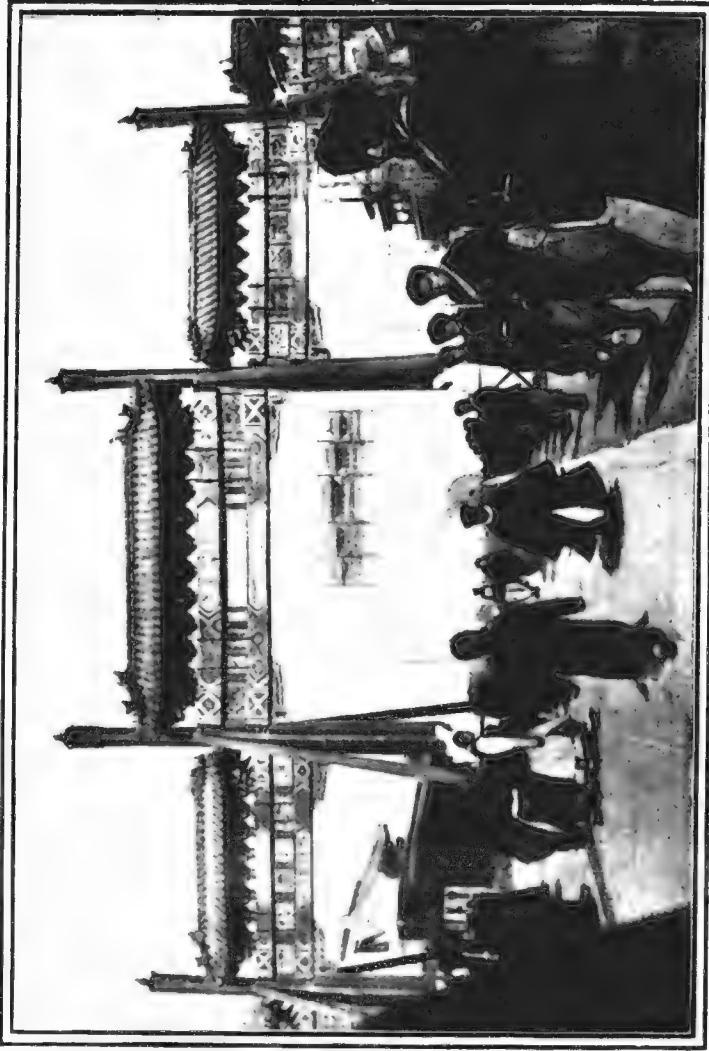
The first chair is the Emperor's, on whose passing all the troops kneel
THE EMPEROR PASSING THROUGH THE CHIEN MEN



These soldiers are shown gathered outside the entrance to the Palace
TROOPS WAITING FOR THE IMPERIAL PROCESSION



The flag marks the Temple where the Emperor alighted to worship
THE INNER GATE OF CHIEN MEN DECORATED FOR THE OCCASION



The gate here shown is only opened for the passage of the Emperor, and at no other times
TROOPS LINING THE CHIEN MEN STREET

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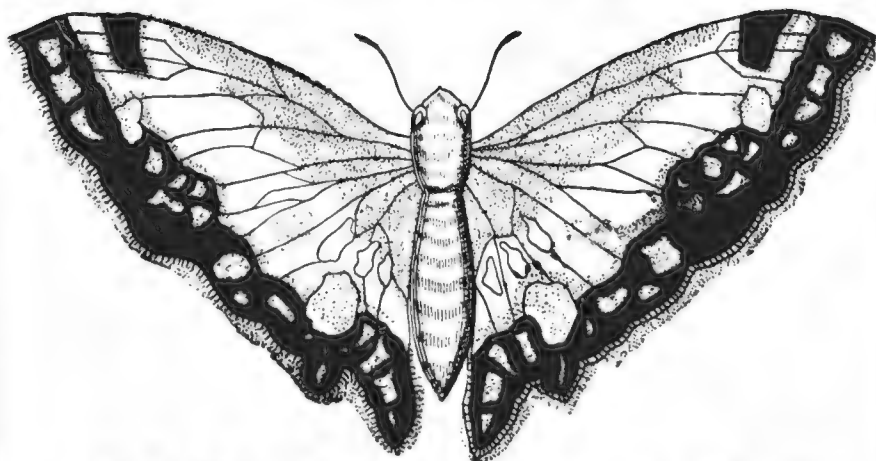
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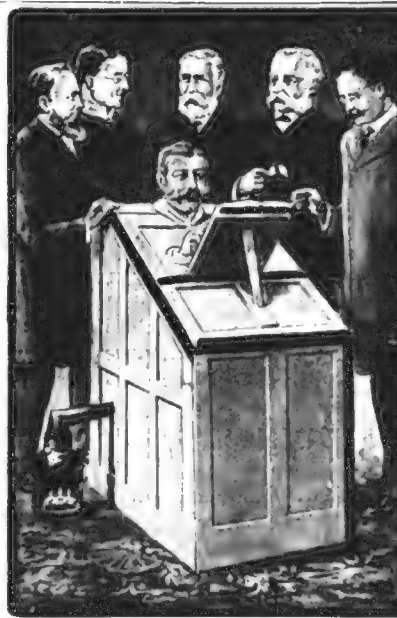
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